

T H E
Vocal Medley

O R,
Universal SONGSTER.

B E I N G
A choice COLLECTION of Two
Hundred and Thirty One

Of the newest and most favourite

ENGLISH and SCOTCH
S O N G S,

Most of which have been Set to
M U S I C,

And sung at the Public

Theatres and Gardens,

In and about L O N D O N.

I O R K.

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1761.



A N

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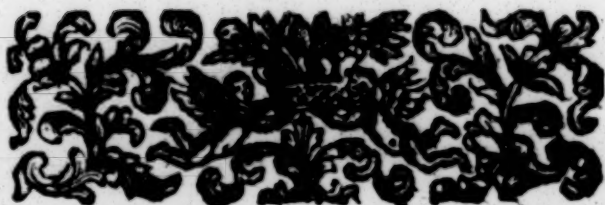
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T H E
Vocal MEDLER, &c.

SONG 1. *Jockey and Jenny.*

Jockey. **W**HEN Jockey was blest,
 With your Love and your Truth :
 Not on Tweed's pleasant Banks,
 Dwelt so blithsome a Youth ;
 With Jenny I sported it,
 All the Day long,
 And her Name was the Burthen
 And Joy of my Song,
And her Name was the Burthen and Joy of my Song.

Jenny. E'er Jockey had ceas'd,
 All his Kindness to me,
 There liv'd in the Vale,
 Not so happy a She ;
 Such Pleasures with Jockey,
 His Jenny had known,
 That she scorn'd in a Cot,
 The fine Folks, of the Town,
 That she scorn'd in a Cot, &c.

Jockey. What Fears now, ah ! Jockey,
 Possesses thy Mind,
 That Jenny so constant,
 To Willy's been kind ;

When dancing so gay,
 With the Nymphs of the Plain,
 She yielded her Hand,
 And her Heart to the Swain.
She yielded her Hand, &c.

Jenny. You falsely Upbraid,
 But remember the Day,
 When with Lucy you toy'd it,
 Beneath the new Hay ;
 When alone with your Lucy,
 The Shepherds have said,
 You forgot all the Vows,
 That to Jenny were made.
You forgot all the Vows, &c.

Jockey. Believe not dear Jenny,
 My Heart stray'd from thee ;
 For Lucy the wonton's
 A Maid still for me :
 From a Lass that's so true,
 Your fond Jockey ne'er rov'd,
 Nor once could forget,
 The kind Jenny he lov'd.
Nor once could forget, &c.

Jenny. My Heart for young Willy,
 Ne'er panted nor sigh'd,
 For you of that Heart,
 Were the Joy and the Pride ;
 While Tweed's Waters glide,
 Shall your Jenny be true,
 Nor love my dear Jockey,
 A Shepherd like you.
Nor love my dear Jockey, &c.

Jockey. No Shepherd e'er met,
 With so faithful a Fair.

Jenny. For Kindness, no Youth,
 Can with Jockey compare,

Both We'll love then, and live,
 From fierce Jealousy free,
 And none on the Plains,
 Shall be happy as we,
And none on the Plains shall be happy as we.

SONG 2. *Hark ! away ! &c.*

HARK ! away ! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn,
 Calls the hunters all up in the morn :
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the out lying deer.

Chor. And all the day long,
 This this is our Song ;
 Still hollowing;
 And following,
 So frolick and free ;
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the bounds,
 No mortals on earth are so jovial as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,
 While the hills they all eccho, hillo !
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
And all the day long &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb, ?
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel !
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the day long &c.

SONG 3. *Ye twice ten, &c.*

YE twice ten hundred deities,
 To whom we daily sacrifice ;
 Ye pow'rs that dwell with fates below.
 And see what men are doom'd to do ;
 Where elements in discord dwell,
 Thou god of sleep, arise, and tell,

Tell great *Zempoalla* what strange fate,
Must on her dismal vision wait.

By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that make abode ;
Earthy *Dun* that pants for breath,
With her swell'd sides full of death ;
By the crested adders pride,
That along the cliffs do glide ;
By thy visage fierce and black ;
By the Death's head on thy back ;

By the twisted serpents plac'd,
For a girdle round thy waist ;
By the Hearts of gold that deck,
Thy breasts, thy shoulders, and thy neck :
From thy sleepy mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes ;
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That use to lull thee in thy sleep,

SONG 4. *O welcome my, &c.*

O Welcome my Shepherd, how welcome to me,
Is ev'ry Occasion of meeting with thee :
But when thou art absent, how joyless am I.
Contented methinks, I could sit down and die.

I rail at the Hours that so slowly do move,
While I'm at a Distance from all that I love ;
With weeping complain of my ill natur'd State,
I rail at my Being, and curse my sad Fate.

With trifling Amusements, sometimes I beguile,
My Cares for a Moment, and cheerfully smile ;
But quickly thy Image return to my Soul,
And in my sad Bosom new Hurricanes rowl.

No Day can be lasting, if thou art not there,
Thy Presence alone, can thy Shepherdess cheer ;
Your Looks like the Sun, drives all Sorrow away,
And blest with thy Sight, I could always be gay.

SONG 5. *For a Shape, &c.*

FOR a Shape, and a Bloom, and an Air, and
 a Mien,
 Myrtille was brightest of all the gay Green,
 But artfully Wild, and affectedly Coy,
 Those her Beauties invir'd, her Pride would destroy:

By the Flocks as she stray'd with the Nymphs
 of the Vale,
 Not a Shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft Tale:
 Tho' fatal the Passion, she laugh'd at the Swain,
 And return'd with Neglect, what she heard with
 disdain.

But Beauty has Wings, and too hastily flies,
 And Love unrewarded soon sickens and dies;
 The Nymph cou'd by Time of Folly and Pride,
 Now sighs in her Turn for the Bliss she deny'd.

No longer she frolicks wild o'er the Plain,
 To kill with her coyness the languishing Swain;
 So humble her Pride is, so soften'd her Mind,
 That tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind.

SONG 6. *On the Tay's, &c.*

ON the Tay's verdant Banks a fair Maid lay
 reclin'd,

She wept to the Oziers that curv'd to the Wind;
 While Echo, to Sorrow so faithful and kind,
 Repeated her Plaints for her Jockey,

Not the Nightingale's Voice was more mournful
 and clear,

When thus she began, 'tis for Loss of my Dear,
 That from Eyes once so sparkling, enforces the Tear
 The Tear which I drop'd for young Jockey.

The Linnet his Mate chuses out of the throng,

And when he has won her, fits all the Day long
 Still proud of his Conquest repeating his Song

Not so did inconstant young Jockey:

He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
 And his Flame was as pure as the Light of the
 Sun ;
 But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,
 For false and deceitful's young Jockey.

SONG 7. *The Silent Lover, &c.*

I Look'd and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
 And very fain would have been at her ;
 But when I strove most, my great Passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the Matter :
 I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try,
 Some Way my poor Heart to recover,
 But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear Cælia, be kind then, and since your own Eyes
 By Looks can command Adornment,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise,
 Those Oglings that tell you my Passion :
 We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should
 speak.

The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing.
 And so without Words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good End of this Wooing.

SONG 8. *O wouldst thou, &c.*

O Wouldst thou know what sacred Charms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms :
 What kind of Nymph the Heavens decree,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me.

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender Tear ;
 From each ungentle Passion free,
 O be the Maid that's made for me,

Whose Heart with generous Friendship glows,
 Who feels the Blessings she bestows :

Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the Maid that's made to me.

Whose simple Thoughts devoid of Art,
Are all the Natives of her Heart,
A gentle Train of Falshood free,
Be such the Maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light Coquets retire,
Where flattering Fops around admire :
Unmov'd, your Tinsel Charms I see,
More genuine Beautys are for me.

SONG 9 *Monsieur Pantin, &c.*

I Sing not of Battles that now are to cease,
Nor carrols my Muse in the praise of a Peace ;
To shew that she's oft in good Company seen,
She humbly begs leave to sing Monsieur Pantin
Examine all round, and at length you will own,
His likenesses daily are met with in Town ;
Then let me my Song undisturbed begin,
And shew all his Brothers to Monsieur Pantin.

And first, pray observe that strange Thing made
for Shew,
That Compound of Powder and Nonsense, a Beau,
So limber his Joints, and so strange is his Mien,
That you cry as he walks, there's a Pantin ?
How oft have we heard, that the Ladies love Change
And from one Entertainment, to 't'other will range ;
In this they are constant, what Differance was seen,
When they lay down the Fribble, and took the
Pantin.

Then all ye fair Lasses, who bloom like the Morn
Who seek not your Beautys by Art to adorn ;
When I see on your Bosom that little Machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin,
Ye Youths who have Parts, tho' ye often wear Lace
No longer let Foplings your Merits disgrace,
But attack the fair Maid with a resolute Mien,
'Till she clasps her young Lover, and burns her
Pantin.

SONG 10. *In vain, dear &c.*

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I, inconstant, have posselt,
Or lov'd a fairer She :
Wou'd you with Ease at once be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Consult your Glass and me.

If then you think, that I can find,
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reason for your Fears :
But if impartial you will prove,
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needless are your fears !

If in my Way I should, by chance,
Give, or receive a Wanton Glance,
I like but while I view :
How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial Bliss,
Which I receive from you !

With wanton Flight the curious Bee,
From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free,
And where each Blossom blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets ;
But for his Quintessence of Sweets,
He ravishes the Rose.

So my fond Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph I roam ;
Perhaps see fifty in a Day ;
Those but are Visits which I pay,
But Chloe's still my Home.

SONG 11. *Jove when he saw, &c.*

JOVE when he saw my Fanny's Face,
With wond'rous Passion mov'd,
Forgot the Case of human Race,
And felt at last he lov'd.

Then to the God of soft Desire,
 His Suit he thus address,
 I Fanny love with mutual Fire,
 O ! touch her tender Breast.
I Fanny love, &c.

Your Sighs are hopeless, Cupid crys,
 I lov'd the Maid before :
 What, Rival me, the Pow'r reply
 Whom Gods and Men adore ?
 He grasp'd the Bolt, he shook the Strings,
 Of his Imperial Throne,
 While Cup'd wav'd his rosey Wings,
 And in a Breath was gone.
While Cupid, &c.

O'er Earth and Seas the God-head flew,
 But still no Shelter found ;
 For as he fled, the Dangers grew,
 And Light'ning flash'd around :
 At last, his trembling Fears impels,
 His Flight to Fanny's Eyes,
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native Skys.
Where happy, &c.

SONG 12. *Is there a Charm, &c.*

Is there a Charm, ye Pow'rs above,
 To ease a wounded Breast ?
 Thro' Reason's Glass to look at Love,
 To wish and yet to rest :
 Let Wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,
 An Empire o'er the Mind ;
 'Tis Beauty, Beauty holds the Chain,
 And triumphs o'er Mankind.

Thrice happy Birds, who on the Spray,
 Unartful Notes prolong :
 Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,
 And yield to pow'ful Song :

By Nature fierce, without controul,
 The humane Savage ran ;
 'Till Verse refin'd the stubborn Soul,
 And civilized the Man.

Verse turns aside the Tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping Slave ;
 It wins a Smile from hoary Age,
 And disapoints the Grave :
 The Force of Numbers must succeed,
 And sooth each other Ear ;
 Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead,
 He'd find a Daphne here.
 Did Heav'n such wond'rous Gifts produce,
 To curse our wretched Race ;
 Say must we all the Heart accuse,
 And yet approve the Face ?
 Thus in the Sun be drop'd with Gold,
 The basking Adler lies :
 The Swain admires each shining Fold,
 Then grasps the Snake and dies.

SONG 13. *Fair and soft, &c.*

FAir and soft, and gay, and young,
 All Charms, she play'd, she danc'd, she sung ;
 There was no way to scape the Dart,
 No Care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart.
 Ah why, cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,
 Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone ;
 Was so much Sweetness made for one ?

But growing bolder, in her Ear,
 I in soft Numbers told my Care ;
 She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.
 Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express,
 My Joys could be but known by Guess ;
 Ah Fool said I what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew ;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
 She sunk into another's Arms
 But she that once cou'd faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me ;
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

SONG 14. *O Greedy Midas, &c.*

O Greedy Midas I've been told,
 That what you touch'd you turn'd to Gold !
 That what, &c
 O had I a Pow'r like thine,
 O had, &c
 I'd turn whate'er I touch'd to Wine,
 I'd turn &c.

Each purling Stream should feel my Force ;
 Each Fish my fatal Power should mourn ;
 Each Fish, &c.
 And wond'ring at the mighty Change,
 And wond'ring, &c.
 Should in their native regions burn.
 Should in, &c.

Nor should there any dare t'approach,
 Unto my Mantling, sparkling Shrine,
 Unto my, &c.
 But first should pay their Votes to me,
 But first, &c.
 And stile me only God of Wine.
 And stile, &c.

SONG 15. *The Comparison, &c.*

Stella and Flavia ev'ry Hour,
 Do various Hearts surprize :
 In Stella's Soul lies all her pow'r,
 And Flavia's in her Eyes.

More boundless Flavia's Conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a Face that's fair,
 But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella like Britain's Monarch reigns,
 O'er cultivated Lands ;
 Like Eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns,
 To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy Face,
 Thy Beauty's only Store ;
 Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease,
 Will give to Stella more.

SONG 16. *Moore coaxing Mauxalinda.*

BY the Beer as brown as Berry,
 By the Cyder and the Perry,
 Which so oft has made us merry,
 With a hy down, ho down, derry.

Mauxalinda's I'll remain :
 True Blue will never stain :
 Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
 True Blue will never stain.
 True, &c.

SONG 17. *The Amazon.*

SWains, I scorn, who nice and fair,
 Shiver at the Morning Air,
 Rough and hardy, bold and free,
 Be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to Fashion, Slaves to Dress,
 Fops themselves alone care ;
 Let them without Rival be,
 They are not the Men for me.

He whose nervous Arm can dart,
 The Jav'lin to the Tyger's Heart,
 From all sense of Danger free,
 He's the Man that's made for me.

While his Speed out-strips the Wind,
Loosely wave his Locks behind :
From fantastick Fopp'ry free,
He's the Man that's made for me,

Nor simp'ring Smile, nor dimpled Spleek,
Spoil his manly Sun burnt Cheek,
By Weather let him painted be,
He's the Man that's made for me.

If false he proves, my Jav'lin can,
Revenge the Perjury of Man ;
And soon another brave as he,
Shall be found the Man for me.

SONG 18. *Wou'd you know, &c.*

WOu'd you know how we meet o'er our jolly
full Bowls ?

As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls ;
The sweet melts the sharp, the kind sooths the strong
And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night
long :

We Drink, Laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire ;
Love only remains our unquenchable Fire.

SONG 19. *Mad Tom.*

FOrth from my dark and dismal Cell.
Or from the deep Abyss of Hell
Mad Tom is come to view the World again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd Brain :

Fears and Cares oppress my Soul ;
Hark ! how the angry Furies howl !
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine g'd,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my staggling Senses.
In an angry Mood I met old Time,
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When me he spies away he flies,
 For Time will stay for no Man :
 In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,
 For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I be,
 Help, help, or else I die !
 Hark ! I hear Apollo's Team,
 The Carman 'gins to whistle ;
 Chaste Diana bends her Bow,
 And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with Tools and with Tackle ;
 And knock off my trouble-some Shackle ;
 Bid Charles make ready his Wain,
 To bring me my Senses again.

Last Night I heard the Dog Star bark,
 Mars met Venus in the Dark ;
 Limping Vulcan heat an Iron Bar,
 And furiously make at the great God of War.

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
 Limping Vulcan had got the Gout ;
 His broad Horns did so hang in his Light,
 That he could not see to aim his Blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Stood still to see the Quarrel ;
 Gorrel belly'd Bacchus, Giant like,
 Bestrid a Strong Beer Barrel ;

To me he drank whole Buts,
 Until he burst his Guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider,
 Poor Tom is very dry,
 A little Drink for Charity.

Hark ! I hear the Ateon's Hounds,
 The Huntsman whoop and holloo ;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the Chase do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
 Eats Powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot,

But a Cup of Malaga Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

SONG 20. *The Lass of, &c.*

THE Lass of Peaty's Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In spite of all my Skill,
Hath stole my Heart away,
When tedding of the Hay,
Bare headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in her Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To press 'em with his Hand,
Thro' all my Spirits ran,
An Extasy of Bliss,
When I such Sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss,

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweetets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd,
Her Looks they were so mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride.

O had I all the Wealth,
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Insur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleasures at my Will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of Peaty's Mill,
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

SONG 21. *The generous Repulse.*

THY vain Pursuit, fond Youth give o'er ;
 What more, alas ! can Flavia do !
 Thy Worth I own, thy Fate deplore,
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress thy Sighs, and weep no more ;
 Shou'd Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain ; since any Power,
 To crown thy Love, must alter mine.

But, if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
 I'll sooth those Ills I cannot cure ;
 Tell thee I drag a hopeless Chain,
 And more than I will it, endure.

SONG 22. *Jonny and Nelly.*

Jonny,
THOU' for seven Years and mair, Honour
 shou'd reave me,
 To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee ;

For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented ;
 And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the World as it will, dearest believe me.

Nelly.
 O Jonny ! I'm jealous when'er ye discover,
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover ;
 And nought i' the World wad vex my Heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer,
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

Jonny.
 My Nelly, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye
 Your blooming fast Beauties first leeted Love's Fire,
 Your Virtue and wit makes it ay flame the higher,
 Leave thee, leave thee. I'd never leave thee,
 Gang the World as it will, dearest believe me.

Nelly.

Then Johnny, I frankly this Minute allow ye,
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me
trow ye ;

And gin ye prove false to ye'r sell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind maiden,
Reave me, reave me. Heavens ! it wad reave me,
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

Jonny

Bid Icefogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nea mair appear ruddy,
Bid Britons think ae gate and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time believe I'll betray ye,
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee ;
The Stars shall gang Witherfshines e'er I deceive
thee.

SONG 23. *Blow, Blow, &c.*

Blow, blow thou Winter's Wind ;
Thou art not so unkind.

As Man's Ingratitude.

Thy Tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As Benefits forgot.

Tho' thou the Waters warp,

Thy String is not so sharp,

As Friends remembred not.

SONG 24 *Ye Swains that, &c.*

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and instructed by me ;

Tho' small Experience I've had,

I'll give you good Counsel, and free,

For Women are changeable Things,

And seldom a moment the same,

As Time a variety brings,

Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But he who in Love would succeed,
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed,
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene :
 There's a Season to conquer the Fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay,
 To catch the Occasion take Care,
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll Essay.

SONG 25. *The Hounds are, &c.*

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning
 does peep,

Why how now, you sluggerly Sot,
 How can you, how can you lie snoring aile p.
 Whilst we all on Horseback are got,
 Brave Boys, whilst, &c.

I cannot get up for my over Night's Cup,
 So terribly lies in my Head,
 Besides my Wife cries my Dear do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer in Bed.
 My dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come on with your Boots, and saddle your Mare,
 Nor tire us with longer Delay,
 The Cry of the Hounds, and the sight of the Hare,
 Will chase those dull Vapours away,
 Brave Boys, will chase, &c.

Dear Kate I must go, they'll not be said No :
 How can you thus leave me so soon ?
 Excuse me, my Dear, I'll return never fear,
 And cuddle thee e'er it be Noon,
 My Dear Joy, and cuddle, &c.

Hark ! hark ! now the Huntsman has started poor
 Puss,
 He has her now so full in his View ;
 We'll never forsake her 'till we overtake her,
 Sa eargerly let us pursue,
 Brave Boys, so eargerly, &c.

No Pleasure like Hunting to pass the long Day,
 We scour the Hills and the Deles ;
 At Night for our Supper we feast on our Prey,
 Ween o' r a Pot of good Ale,
 Brave Boys, when, &c.

SONG 26. *Cupid's Power,*

Cupid, God of pleasing anguish,
 Teach the enamour'd Swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce Desires to know,
 Heroes would be lost in Story,
 Did not Love inspire their Glory :
 Love does all that's great below.

SONG 27. *Highland Laddie.*

TH E Lawlands Maids gang trig and fine,
 But a't they're four, and unco saucy,
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my good humour'd Highland Lassie.
O my bonny, bonny Highland Lassie,
My lovely, smiling Highland Lassie,
May never Care make thee less Fair,
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.
 Than ony Lass on Botrowdown,
 Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,
 I'd tak my Katie, in a Gown,
 And Barefoot, in her little Cotic.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the Brier, or Brecken Bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my Daunie,
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My fighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery Hill I'll stenn,
 With cockit Gun, and Ratches tenty,
 To drive the Deer out of their Den,
 To feast my Lass on Dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by Deed or Word,
 'Gae it her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
 While I can wield my trusty Sword,
 Or 'av my Sae whilk out a Whinger,
O my bonny &c

The Mountain clad with purple Bloom,
 And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,
 To range with me; let great Folk gloom,
 While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure,
O my bonny &c

SONG 28. *The Toper's Example.*

WE'I L drink, and we'll never have done,
 Boys:
 Put the Glais then round with the Sun, Boys,
 Let Apollo's Example invite us;
 For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
 And that makes him to bright,
 That he's able next Morn'g to light us.

SONG 29. *The Banks of Innermay.*

TH E smiling Morn and breathing Spring,
 Invite the tuneful Birds to sing;
 And as they warble from each Spray,
 Love melts the universal Lay!

Let us Amanda timely wif,
 Like them employ the Hour that flies;
 And in soft Murmurs waste the Day,
 Amidst the Birks of Innermay.

Soon wears Summer of the Year,
 And Love like Winter will appear;
 Like this your lively Bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant Shade.

Our Taste for Pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd Songsters charm no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Innermay!

SONG 30. *Come Neighbours, &c.*

COME, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
 The Sun in Haste,
 Drives to the West,

With Sports conclude the Day :

Let ev'ry Man choose out his Lass,

And then salute her on the Grass ;

 And when you find,

 Sue's coming kind,

Let not that Moment pass.

Cho. *We'll toss off our Bowls to true Love and Honour.*

To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

At Night when round the Hall we're sat,

 With good brown Bowls,

 To cheer our Souls,

And raise a merry Chat ;

 When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,

And Jokes about the Table fly ;

 Then we retreat,

 And that repeat,

Which all would gladly try.

Cho. *We'll toss off our Bowls, &c.*

Let lazy Great ones of the Town,

 Drink Night away,

 And sleep all Day.

Till Gouty they are grown :

Our nightly Sports such Vigour give,

That oftentimes we do revive,

 And kiss our Dames,

 With stronger Flames,

Than any Prince alive.

Cho. *We'll toss off our Bowls, &c.*

SONG 31. *The Deceiver.*

WITH tuneful Pipe and merry Glee,
 Young *Jacky* won my Heart ;

A blyther Loon you ne'er did see,

 All Beauty without Art :

His soothing Tale d d soon prevail,
 To gain my fond Belief :
 But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,
 And leaves me full of Grief.

Young *Jemmy* courts with artful Song,
 But few regard his Moan ;
 The Lassies about *Jock's* Throng,
 And *Jemmy's* left alone :
 In *Aberdeen*, sure ne'er was seen,
 A Loon that gave such Pain ;
 He daily woes and stills pursues ;
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he hath gain'd the Bliss,
 Away the Loon does run ;
 And hardly will afford a Kiss,
 To silly me undone,
 Bonny *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,
 Avoid my roving Swain ;
 His wily Tongue, before you shun,
 Left you like me complain.

SONG 32. *Would you taste, &c.*

Would you taste the Noontide Air ?
 To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the Poplar Bough,
 The mantling Vine will shelter you.

Down each Side a Fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murmuring as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
 Saltry *Pæbus* scorning round,

Round the languid Herds and Sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny Hillocks asleep,
 While on the Hyacinth and Rose,
 The Fair does all alone repose.

All alone — and in her Arms,
 Your Breast may beat to Love's Alarms,
 Till blest and blessing you shall own,
 The joys of Love are Joys alone.

SONG 33. *Silvia wilt thou, &c.*

Silvia, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
 Strangers to Joys of Love :
 Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time,
 Every Minute to improve.
 Round thee wilt thou never hear,
 Little wanton Girls and Boys,
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Infant's prate and Mother's Joys,

Only View, that little Dove,
 Softly cooing to his Mate ;
 As a further proof of Love
 See her for his Kisses wait,
 Hark that charming Nightingale.
 As he flies from Spray to Spray,
 Sweetly Tunes an am'rous Tale,
 I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul Reveal,
 But the least, the thousandth Part.
 Of those Pleasures Lovers Feel,
 In a mutual Change of Hearts :
 Then repenting would'it thou say,
 Virgin Fears from hence Remove,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in Love.

SONG 34. *The roaring Boy.*

I'LL sail upon the Dog star,
 And then pursue the Morning ;
 I'll chase the Moon till it be Noon,
 I'll make her leave her Horning.

I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
 And there I'll coin the weather ;
 I'll tear the Rainbow from the Sky,
 And tye both ends together.

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
 And croud them in my Budget :

And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
Let all the Nation judge it.

SONG 35. *Five reasons for drinking.*

IF all be true that I do Think,
There are Five Reasons we shou'd Drink :
Good Wine, a Friend, or being dry,
Or lest we shou'd be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

}

SONG 36. *The Parent Bird, &c.*

THE Parent Bird whose little Nest,
Is by its tender young Possess'd,
With spreading Wings and downy Breast,
Does cherish them with Love :
But soon as Nature plumes their Wings,
And guides their Flight to Groves and Springs,
Quite unconcern'd the Parent Sings,
Regardless where they Rove.

Whilst hapless we, of Human Race,
The lasting Cares of Life embrace ;
And fill our best Affections Place.

On what procures us pain :
Our Children, as their Years increase,
Increase our Cares, and spoil our Peace,
Paternal Love can never Cease,
But ever will Remain.

SONG 37. *The Shepherd's Complaint.*

Sweet were once the Joys I tasted,
All was Jollity and Love :
Time methought too nimbly hasted,
Which on Pleasures Wings did move,
Chloe, then was all my Treasure,
Never was a richer Swain,
Chloe, doubled every Pleasure,
Chloe banish'd every Pain.

But the envious Gods repining,
 So much Bliss on earth to see;
 All their bitterest Curses joining,
 Dash'd my Cup with Jealousy,
 Now where erst my Pipe resounded,
 Steals the Sigh and heart felt Groans;
 Love by Fears and doubts surrounded,
 Ill disputes a tottering Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing,
 What conceal'd is ever best;
 Jealousy love's Child and Ruin,
 Leave, O! leave my tortur'd Breast,
 With the Slave thy Power confessing,
 Thou too Venus mildly deal,
 Those who shun or slight the Blessing,
 Should alone thy Vengeance feel.

SONG 38. *What beauteous Scenes*

WHat beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
 How closely yonder Vine,
 Does round that Elm's supporting Height,
 Her wanton Ringlets twine!
 That Elm, no more a barren Shade,
 Is with her Clusters crown'd;
 And that fair Vine without his Aid,
 Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my fair One, move thy Heart,
 Connubial Joys to prove;
 Yet mark what Age and Care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love:
 Know thy own Bliss and Joy to hear,
 Vertumnus lov'd thy Charm;
 'The Youthful God who to the Year,
 Shall keep thy Gown from harms.

While some with short liv'd passion glow
 His Love remains the same,
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame.

So shall no Frost's untimely Power,
 Deform the blooming Spring,
 So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
 Their wanted Tributes bring.

SONG 38. *A Toast to your Wives.*

O Nce in our Lives,
 Let us dring to our Wives,
 Tho' their Numbers be but small :
 Heaven take the Best,
 And the Devil take the Rest,
 And so we shall get rid of them all,
 To this hearty Wish,
 Let each Man take his Dish,
 And Drink, Drink till he fall.

SONG 40. *Lo, the Surley, &c.*

L O, the surley Winter's past,
 With every Ruffian Blast,
 That howl'd upon the Mountain's Brow,
 And shook the Sounding Woods below,
 Thee lovely Spring with joy we view,
 To thee our choicest Songs are due,
 For thee the sprouting Births appear,
 Thou genial Morning of the Year,
 Thou genial, &c.

By thee, the kindling Blushes rise,
 By thee, &c.
 And brighter Charms in *Phæbe's* Eyes,
 And brighter, &c.
 Thy soft'ning Gales her Bosom move,
 Thy soft'ning, &c.
 Whilst all her yielding Soul is Love,
 Whilst all, &c.

Receitat.

Inspir'd by thee gross Atoms Life receive,
 And animated Earth begins to Live,

Lovely Season of Desire,
 Set her tender Breast on Fire,
 Happiest Season of the Year,
 Make her Kind as she is Fair,
 Make her, &c.

To thee my choicest Stories I'll bring,
 Lovely charming blushing Spring,
 To thee, &c.

SONC 41. *Come let us prepare, &c.*

Fair Venus, they say,
 On a rainy bleak Day,
 Thus sent her Child Cupid a packing :
 Get thee gone from my Door,
 Like a Son of a Whore.
 And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.
 To tell the plain Truth,
 Our little blind Youth,
 Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, sir,
 'Till all Dangers past,
 By good fortune, at last
 He stumbled into a great Town, Sir,
 Then straight to himself,
 Crys this tiny fly Elf,
 Since begging brings little relief, Sir,
 A Trade I'll commence,
 That shall bring in the Pence ;
 And straight be set up for a Thief, Sir,
 At the Play-house and Kirk,
 Where he sliely did Lurk,
 He stole Hearts both from young and old People,
 Till at last, says my Song,
 He had like to have swung,
 On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.
 Then with Arrows and Bow,
 He a Soldier must go ;
 And straight he shot Folks without Warning ;

He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand once was in,
To kill you a Hundred his Morning,

When he found that he made,
Little Gains by his Trade,
What does our-sly graceless Blinker,
But straight chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And needs he must pass for a Tinker,

Have you any Hearts to Mend,
Come I'll be your Friend,
Or else I expect not a Farthing :
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll soon make them Whole ;
And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain.

But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't ;
Where he stops up one Hole,
'Tis true by my Soul,
He'll at least leave a Score in the place on't.

SONG 42. *Young Roger, &c.*

Young Roger of the Mill, one Morning very
soon,

Put on his best Apparel his Hose and clouted Shoon
And he a wooing went to bonny buxom Nell :

Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me ? I like thee
wond'rous well, I like, &c.

My Horses I have drest, and giv'n them Corn and
Hay ;

(Way,
Put on my best Apparel ; and having come this
Let's sit and chat a while, with thee, my bonny Nell
Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me ? Ize like thy
Person well, I like, &c.

Young Roger, you're mistaken, the Damsel then
reply'd ;

I am not in such haste to be a Plowman's Bride ;

Know I then live in Hopes to marry a Farmer's Son
If it be so, says Hodges, I'll go ; sweet Mistress I
have done.

Your Horses you have drest, as I have heard you say
Put on your best Apparel ; and having come this
Way,

Come sit and chat a while, O no need not I,
I'll neither wait, nor chat nor prate, Ize other Iish
to Fry.

Go take your Farmer's Son, with all my honest
Heart, (and Cart,
What tho' my Name be Roger that go to Plow
I need not tarry long, e'er I do gain a Wife,
There's buxom Joan, it is well known, she loves
me as her Life.

Pray what of buxum Joan, can't I please you as
well ?

For she has ne'er a Penny, and I am bouncing Nell.
And I have fifty Shillings just, the Money made
him smile, (thee a while.

Oh then my dear, I'll draw a Chair, and chat with
Within half an Hour's Space, this Couple a Bar-
gain struck,

And I hope then with the Money they both may
have good Luck

I have Forty Shillings, more, with which a Cow,
we'll buy :

We'll join our Hands in Wedlock Bands, then who
but you and I ?

SONG 43. *For all the, &c.*

FOr all the Wealth the East can lend,
My Heart shall ne'er be sold :
Not tho' e'en Jove in Show is descend,
Of Love persuading Gold
The gilded Bait, to Fools I'd throw,
My Freedom's all I crave
By that alone we learn to know,

The Monarch from the Slave,
By that alone, &c.

If Hymen's Bonds my Heart inflave,
Or Love invade my Mind :
Oh ! let me have the Youth that's brave,
And gen'rous as he's kind.
Thus we have all our Hearts Desire;
No Cares our Soul can move,
For Virtue lights the purest Fire,
And feeds the Lamp of Love.
For Virtue, &c.

SONG 44. *Ye Medley, &c.*

YE Medley of Mortals that make up this Throng
Spare your Wit for a Moment, and list to my
Song :

(new,
What you would not expect here, my Wit shall be
And what is more strange ev'ry Word shall be true.
Sing Tantararara Truth all, Truth all.
Sing Tantararara Truth all

Not a Toy in the Place you'll buy cheaper than mine
Bring your Lasses to me & you'll save all you Coin,
The Ladies alone will pay dear for my Skill,
For if they will hear me, their Tongues must lye still
Sing Tantararara Mute all.

Tho' our Revels are scorn'd by the Grave and the
Wife, (spife ;
Yet they practise all Day, what they seem to de-
Examine Mankind from the great to the small,
Each Mortal's disguis'd and the World is a Ball.
Sing Tantararara Masks all.

The Parson brimful of October and Grace,
With a long taper Pipe and a round ruddy Face,
Will rail at our Doing — but when it is Dark,
The Doctor's disguis'd and led home by the Clerk.
Sing Tantararara Masks all.

The fierce roaring Blade, with long Sword and
cock'd Hat, (do that
Who with Zounds he did th's, and with blood he'll

When he comes to his Trial, he fails in his Part;
And proves that his Looks were but Masks to his
Heart.

Sing Tantararara Masks all.

The Beau Acts the Rake and will talk of Amours,
Shews Letter from Wives, and Appointments from
Who es,

But a Creature so modest, avoids all Disgrace,
For how would he blush should he meet Face to
Face.

Sing Tantararara Masks all

The Courtiers and Patrons, 'mong other fine Things,
Will talk of their Country, and Love to their Kings
Yet their Masks will drop off, if you shake but the
Pelf,

And shew King and Country all center'd in Self,

Sing Tantararara Masks all.

With an Outside of Virtue, Miss Squeamish the
Prude,

(rude ;

If you touch her, she faints, if you speak you are
Thou See's prim and She's coy, till her Blossoms
are gone,

And when Mellow, She's pluck'd by the Coachman
or John

Sing Tantararara Masks all.

With a grave Mask of Wisdom say Payfic and Law
In your Case there's no Fear in your Cause there's
no Flaw ;

Till Death and the Judge have decreed they look big
Then you find you have trust'd a full bottom'd Wig

Sing Tantararara Masks all.

Thus Life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each Neighbour will find that his next is a Cheat
But if, Oh ye Mortals, these tricks you pursue,
You at last cheat yourselves — and the Devil cheats
you.

Sing Tantararara Masks all.

SONG 45. *As tipling John, &c.*

AS tipling John was jogging on,
Upon a Riot Night ;

With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,
 Suspicious of high Flight :
 The Guards who took him, by his look,
 For some chief Firebrand
 Ask'd, whence he came, what was his Name ;
 Who are you ? stand Friend, stand.

I'm going Home ; from meeting come,
 Ay says one, that's the Case :
 Some meeting he has burnt you see,
 The Flame's still in his face,
John thought t'was time to purge his Crime,
 And said, my chief intent,
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage ;
 That meeti'g 'twas I meant.

Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
 Says one, pray let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd,
 Are you high Church or Low ?
John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 To end debates and Strife,
 All I can say this is the Way,
 I Steer my Course of Life.

I ne'er to *Bew* nor *Burgels* go,
 To Steeple-house nor Hall ;
 The Brisk bar Bill best suits my Zeal,
 With, *Gentlemen d'ye call* ?
 Now judge, am I Low Church or High,
 From that Tow'r with no Steeple,
 Whole merry Toll exalts the Soul,
 And must make Highflown People ?

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*,
 With Countenance most pleasant ;
 By Whisfer round they all soon found,
 He was no dang'rous Peasant ;
 So while *John* stood, the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their Decision,
 Damn him says one let him be gone,
 He's of our own Religion.

SONG 46. *In my Triumphant, &c.*

IN my Triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
 I range around the World,
 'Tis I mad Tom drive all before me :
 While to my royal Throne I come ;
 Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
 Your Sovereign Lord, mad Tom.
 What, though the Sceptre that I bear,
 Is all but Dream and Air ?
 I've the Pleasure of Crowns,
 Without the Care.

And tho' I give Law,
 From Beds of Straw,
 And dress in a tatter'd Robe ;
 The Madman may be,
 More a Monarch than he,
 That commands the Vassal Globe.

SONG 47. *The Lafs that, &c.*

THE Lafs that wou'd know how to manage a
 Let her listen, and learn it from me. (Man,
 His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trapan,
 As the Time and Occasions agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her wit,
 May wheedle the Clown or the Beau :
 The Rake may repel ; or may draw in the cit,
 By the use of that pretty Word — No.

When Powder'd Toupees in crowds round her chat,
 Each striving his Passion to Show ;
 With kiss me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
 Let her Answer be still, No, no, no.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
 A Present a Treat or a Ball ;
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
 And No — be her answer to all

But when Master Dipper wit offers his Hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go ;

A House and a Coach, and a Jointer in Land,
She's an Idiot, if then she says No.

Whene'er she attack'd by a youth full of Charms,
Who's Courtship proclaims him a Man ;
When prest to his Bosom and clasp'd in his Arms,
Then let her say No, if she can.

SONG 48. *Cælia see the, &c.*

CÆLIA see the blushing Rose,
And it's Fragrant Sweets disclose ;
The Flower that ev'ry Flower outvies,
Oh ! see it Sickens, Droops and dies.
New Flowers returning Seasons bring,
But Beauty has no second Spring.
Cælia, see the setting Sun,
He again shall rise anon ;
I'th Morning dress'd in brightest Flame,
He'll shine another and the same,
But we when set our Life short Light,
Must sleep in one Eternal Night.

Come let us all Care employ,
To improve our ev'ry joy ;
Courting Pleasure, let's embrace,
The smiling Hours in Rapture pass :
Let's kindly treat the Golden now,
That it may wish to stay,

For it once fled,
And Cælia dead ;

Ah ! hear thy anxious Lover true,
Ah ! hear, &c
Bright as thy Eyes no Sun shall rise,
Nor Flower bloom so sweet as thou, my Love.

SONG 49. *The Lovers Invocation.*

WHen Cælia's Heart unsettled roves,
To Hills, and Dales, or flow'ry Groves,
When, &c.

Oh ! tell me Love, the Time and Day,
This little Heart will run astray,
Oh ! tell, &c.

If to some Shade, from Summer's heat.
This little Heart should seek Retreat ;
Direct me Love, this Heart to find,
For in that Shade she'll prove more Kind.

If near some Stream where Crystal fall,
Invites the Virgin to its Call,
Sweet murmuring Echo reach my Ear.
And say, my Love, your Heart is there.

Then swift as Light I'll seek the Way,
And make this little Heart my Prey :
Kind Love with Joy, shall make her own,
She ne'er reports, the Heart was stol'n.

SONG 50. *The British Grenadiers*

Some boast of *Alexander*, and some of *Hercules*,
Of *Hector* and *Lyander*, and some such Scrubs
as these, (appears)
But all the World acknowledges true Courage most
In rub, dub, dub, — Brave *British* Grenadiers.

Those Scrubs that were call'd Herces, ne'er
knew a Cannon Ball. (withal,
Nor knew the Force of Powder, to kill their Foes
Our braver Boys do shew it, & banish all their fears,
In rub, dub, dub, — Brave *British* Grenadiers.

The God of Battle's pleas'd ; *Bellona* too doth smile
To see these mighty Heroes of this our *British* Isle,
Out do all the Pretenders of this our Earthly Sphere
In rub, dub, dub. — Brave *British* Grenadiers.

For when that we're commanded to storm the
Pallisadoes, (Grenadoes;
Our Leaders march with Fuzies, and we with Hand
We toss 'em from the Glacis about our Enemies Ears
With rub, dub, dub, — Brave *British* Grenadiers

Then let us fill a full Glas, and drink a Health
to Those, (Cloaths,
Who wear the Caps and Pouches, and Regimental

May they and their Commanders live happy many
Years,
In rub, dub, dub — and all their Grenadiers.

SONG 51. *Ye Mortals whom, &c.*

YE Mortals whom Fancys and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides and Infirmities vex,
Whose Lives hardly know what it is to blest,
Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest,
Obey the glad Summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep to the Stream, and forget all your Care
Drink deep, &c.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in
vain

And young Ones the Rover they cannot regain ;
The Rake shall forget, how last Night he was cloy'd
And Chloe again be with Passion enjoy'd,
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care,
And drink, &c.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her
Wants

Or drench the fond Fool to forget her Ga lants ;
The troubled in Mind shall go cheartul away,
And yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to Day,
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.
And drink, &c.

SONG 52. *Sweet are the Charms.*

Sweet are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damask Rose,
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Winds when Zephyr blows.
Refreshing as descending Rains,
So Sun burnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun,

Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon ;
 From every other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers,
 Of verdant Spring her Notes renews ;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beautiful Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise ;
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer the Approach of Autumn flies :
 No change on Love the Seasons bring.
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow,
 And Marble Towers and Walls of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin born from Heaven together came :
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name ;
 Divine Abodes shall own his Power,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

SONG 53. *Spring renewing, &c.*

Spring renewing, all Things gay,
 Nature's Dictates all obey ;

In each Creature we may see,
 The Effects of Love's Decree ;
 Such their State, such their Fate,
 Do not, Polly, stay too late.
Do not Polly, &c.

Look around, and see them play,
 All are wanton whilst they may ;
 Why should precious Time be lost ?
 After Summer comes a Frost,
 All pursue Natur's Due,
 Let us, Polly do so too.
Let us Polly, &c.

Flowers all around us growing,
 Herds on ev'ry Meadows lowing,
 Birds on ev'ry Branch are wooing,
 Turtles all around us cooing ;
 See they woo, hark ! they coo,
 Let us, Polly, do so too.
Let us, Polly, &c.

Mark how kind yon Swain and Lass,
 Gently sit on yonder Grass ;
 See how earnestly he pursues,
 Whilst she blushing, can't refuse, —
 See yon Two, how they woo,
 Let us, Polly, do so too,
Let us Polly, &c.

Mark that Cloud above the Plain,
 See, it seems to threaten Rain ;
 Flocks and Herds do run together,
 Seeking Shelter from the Weather,
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Therefore, Polly, be so too.
Therefore, Polly, be so too.

SONG 54. *By Jove I'll be Free.*

COME all you young Loves who wan with
 Despair,
 Compose idle Sonnets and sigh for the Fair ;

Who puff up their Pride by enchancing their Charms
 And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms ;
 Be wise, by Example, take Pattern from me,
 For let what will happen, By Jove I'll be free.
By Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the Trap I was caught,
 I ly'd and I flatter'd, as Custom has taught,
 I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon,
 But the Date of my Passion expir'd with the Moon.
 She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be,
 I'm sorry my Dear but by Jove I'll be free.
But by Jove I'll be free.

The next was young Phillis as bright as the
 Morn :
 The Love that I proffer'd she treated with Scorn ;
 I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,
 That none could be handsome, but such as were
 Kind,
 Her Pride and ill Nature were lost upon me ;
 For in spite of fair Faces, by Jove I'll be free.
By Jove I'll be free.

Let others call Marriage the Harbour of Joys,
 Calm Peace I delight in, and fly from all Noise :
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange Rage,
 And like Birds they sing best when they're put in a
 Cage ;
 Confinement's the Devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
 Let who will be bound Slaves, by Jove I'll be free.
By Jove I'll be free.

Then let the brisk Bumper run over the Glafs,
 In a Toast to the young and beautiful Lads ;
 Who yielding and easy, prescribes no dull Rule ;
 Nor thinks it's a Wonder a Lover should cool ;
 Let us bill like the Sparrow, and rove like the
 Bee,
 For in spite of grave Lessons, By Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free.
 D 2

SONG 55. *When here, Lucinda, &c.*

When here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver Stream,
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay?
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay,
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail,
 Among the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now, since good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of Sheep-wards and the Pride;
 Now Arno's Sons must all give Place,
 To Northern Swains an Iron Race:
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy Notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
 Adieu! the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

SONG 56. *The Bacchanalian's Wish.*

HAD Neptune, when first he took Charge of
 the Sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we.
 He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his
 Brine, (Wine) —
 Would have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous
Would have fill'd, &c.

What Trafficking then would have been on the Main
 For the Sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain,
 No Fear then of Tempest, or Danger of Sinking,
 The Fishes ne'er drown, they are always a drinking
The Fishes, &c.

Had this been the Case what had we enjoy'd,
 Our Spirits still rising our Fancy ne'er cloy'd.
 A Pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his Pow'r,
 To slip like a Fool, such a fortunate Hour.
To slip, &c.

SONG 57. *Oh ! my Nassau, &c.*

O H ! my *Nassau* did you know how I languish.
 You'd Pity my Pain, *you'd, &c.*
 Your Presence alone can relieve my sad Anguish,
 So return again, &c.

Never spare me the Passion you'll find without Flaw
 Tho' at first you should make me cry Oh ! my
Nassau.

See my *Nassau* from Bath is returning,
 His *Nancy* to Wed.

His Health is restored and Hymens torch burning,
 Conduct him to Bed.

What there he'll do to me I'll not be in Awe,
 As you'd say the next Morn should you see my
Nassau.

Feel my *Nassau* those Transports so killing,
 Which Lovers enjoy,

Whilst you lay in my Arms in kissing and billing,
 Our Time we'll employ.

Wou'd the Bishop once tack us according to Law,
 You the Transports of Wedlock should feel my
Nassau.

Kiss my *Nassau* thy *Nancy* so Blooming,
 Whose Passions are true,

Shou'd you think my dear Charmer my Love too
 'Tis only for you. (presuming.

Tho' the Maids should prove envious I care not a
 Straw,

For if envious they prove they may kiss my *Nassau.*

SONG 58. *Black ey'd Susan.*

A L L in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Owhere shall I my true Love find !

Tell me ye jovial Sailors tell me true
 If my sweet William sails among the Crew ?

William, who high upon the Yard,
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known Voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below,
 The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So sweet the Lark, high pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinnions to his Breast.
 (If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he heard)
 And drops at once into her Nest :
 The noblest Captain in the British Fleet,
 Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely Dear !
 My Vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me wipe off that falling Tear,
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be,
 The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind :
 They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,
 In every Port a Mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's Coast we sail,
 Thine Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright ;
 Thy Breath is Atrix's spicy Gale,
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white :
 Thus every Beautious Object that I view,
 Wakes in my Soul some Charms to lovely Sue.

Tho' Battles calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms,
 William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turn aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should fall from Susan's Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread ;

No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd he hung his Head,
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
 Adieu she cry'd, and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

SONG 59. *Bacchus one Day gaily
 striding.*

FAIREST Isle, all Isles excelling,
 Seat of Pleasures and of Love,
 Venus here will choose her Dwelling,
 And forsake the Cyprian Grove.
 Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
 Bore and Envy will remove,
 Jealousy, that poisons Passion,
 And Despair that dies of Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining;
 Sighs that blow the Fire of Love:
 Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
 Shall be all the Pains you prove.
 Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,
 Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;
 And as these excel in Beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for Love.

SONG 60. *How pleasant, &c.*

HOW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watry Main!
 No Treasure he ever amasses,
 But cheerfully spends all his Gain.
 We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
 To Honour and Honesty true,
 And wou'd not commit a base Action,
 For Profit or Power in view,
 Chor. Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys?
 A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches,
 Goes thorough the World brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
 Enrich'd with the Blessings of Life,

The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
 Which Plenty too often breeds Strife,
 When terrible Tempets assail us,
 And mountainous Billows affright,
 No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
 But skilful Industry steers right.
 Chor. Then why should, &c.

The Courtier's more subj. to Dangers.
 Who rules at the Helm of the State,
 Then we, who to Politicks Strangers,
 Escape the Snares laid for the Great.
 The various Blessings of Nature,
 In various Nations we try ;
 No Mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Chor. Then why should, &c.

SONG 61. *Let Ambition, &c.*

LET Ambition fire the Mind,
 Thou wert born o'er Men to reign :
 Not to follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet.
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread ;
 Joys in Circling Joys shall meet,
 Which Way so'e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are ;
 Thou shalt only know Delight,
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow ;
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

SONG 62. *Come follow, follow, &c.*

COME follow, follow me,
 Ye Fairy Elves that be,

Light tripping o'er the Green ;
 Come follow Mab your Queen ;
 Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
 For this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at Rest,
 And snooring in their Nest ;
 Unhear'd and unesp'y'd,
 Thro' Key holes we do glide ;
 Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
 We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the House be foul,
 With Platter Dish or Bowl,
 Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the Sluts asleep ;
 Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs :
 None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the House be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the Household Maid,
 And surely she is paid :
 Every Night before we go,
 We drop a Tester in her Shoe,

Then o'er a Mushroom's Head,
 Our Table cloth we spread ;
 A Grain of Rye or Wheat,
 The Diet that we eat ;
 Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
 In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
 With unxious Fat of Snails,
 Between two Cockles stew'd,
 Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;
 Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
 Do make a Feast that's wond'rous nice.

The Grasshopper, Goat and Fly,
 Serve for our Minstrelsy ;
 Grace said we dance a while,
 And so the Time beguile ;

But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Grass,
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender Stalk,
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
Yet in the Morning may be seen,
Where we the Night before have been.

SONG 63. *Fly swiftly ye Minutes.*

FLY swiftly ye Minutes till *Comus* receive,
The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can
give,
The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the Raptures of Love.
Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,
All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain,
The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave:
Love and Wine give, ye Gods ! or take back what
you gave.

Chorus. *Away, away, away,
To Comus, Court repair :
There Night outshines the Day,
There yields the melting Fair.*

SONG 64. *Collin's Complaint.*

DE A R *Cbloë*, whilst thus beyond Measure,
You treat me with Doubts and Disdain ;
You rob all the Youth of its Pleasure,
And hoard up an old Age of Pain :
Your Maxim, that Love is still founded
On Charms that will quickly decay.
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion, from Beauty first drawn,
Your Kindness will vastly improve,
Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun shine of Love.

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes,
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby* with *Joan* by his Side,
You've often regarded with Wonder ;
He's Dropſical, She is ſore Ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder,
Together they totter about
Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night when old *Darby's* Pot's out,
His *Joan* will not ſmook a Whiff more,

No Beauty or Wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother ;
Then what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
That make 'em ſo fond of each other ?
'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments that Love did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
Are the beſt of all Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
Which Sickneſs nor Time can remove,
For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
And Age brings the Winter of Love,
A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe,
The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze.

SONG 65. *Love and Folly, &c.*

L O V E and Folly were at Play,
Both too wanton to be wiſe,
They fell out, and in a Fray,
Folly put out *Cupid's* Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd.
And had his Punishment aſſign'd,
Folly ſhould to Love be try'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wisely let's venture,
 Our selves to deceive,
 Since Fate has decreed us,
 To Love and Believe.

For all we can gain,
 By our Wisdom and Eyes,
 Is to find ourselves cheated,
 And wretched, when wise.

SONG 66. *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

A Cobler there was and he liv'd in a Stall,
 Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen,
 and Hall,
 No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
 No Ambition had he, nor Duas at his Gate ;
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself
 happy, (Nappy ;
 If at Night he could purchase a Jug of Brown
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too
 most sweet,
 Saying, just to a Hair I have made both Ends meet,
Derry down, &c.

But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,
 That shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau ;
 He shot the poor Cobler quite through the Heart,
 I wish he had hit some more ignorable Part :
Derry down, &c.

It was in a Cellar this Archer did play,
 Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay,
 Her Eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,
 That she shot the poor Cobler quite over the Way,
Derry down, &c.

He sung her Love Songs as he sat at his Work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk ;
 Whenever he spake, she would founce and would
 flee,
 Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair,
Derry down, &c.

He took up his Awl that he had in the World,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pierc'd through his Body instead of the Sole,
So the Cöbler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

But the last of the Cöbler is said to relate,
There's an end of the poor Snob, but no end of his fate
No Mortal came near him, no Shroud could he
have,

No Coffin prepar'd nor no care for a Grave.

Derry down, &c.

'Till at length this young Damsel was mov'd with
Compassion.

And resolv'd after Death, she would follow the
Fashion,

When h'had laid full Six Days that his Leather was
Shrunk,

She cram'd the poor Cöbler into an old Trunk.

Derry down, down, &c.

A tatter'd black Petticoat she gave for a Pall,

'Twas supported by Six crooked Coblers all :

With their Straps in their Hands, but no Cloaths to
their Backs,

Yet their Mourning was solemn : 'twas Size and

Derry down, down, &c. (Lamp black.

Then Tag Rag and Bob tail enter'd the throng,

To follow the Snobs as they moved along ;

There was sobbing and sighing with Hands lifted up,

Crying, his Awl wrought his End, without using his

Derry down, down, &c. (Strap.

Six Hunch-back Gin Drinkers came limping behind,

With their Eyes swell'd with Grief, they were
almost blind ;

With Linkmen, Lamp black makers, and a Knife
Grinder,

As Mourners mov'd after, each led a Rag finder,

Derry down, down, &c.

The Snobs with their Straps, when they came to
the Ground. (round ;

Let down the old Trunk, as the Mourners stood
Then in went his Awl, Last, Wax Hairs and Thread,
While C — e the Parson most lustily pray'd.

Derry down, down, &c

And when the poor Cobler was laid in his Grave,
As their last friendly Office, they squall'd out a Rave,
Oh! had you but heard their sad weeping and
wowing. (howling.

You'd have thought it had been the Wild Irish a
Derry down, down, &c.

And now in Good-Will I advise as a Friend,
All Coblers take Warning by this Cobler's End :
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's
past,

That Love brings us all to an End at the Last.

Derry down, &c.

SONG 67. Jolly Roger Twangdillo.

Jolly Roger Twangdillo, of Plowden Hill,
In his Chest had a thousand good Pounds,
Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
And a hundred good Acres of Ground ;
Which made ev'ry Maiden,
With Maiden-head laden,
And Widows tho' just set free,
'To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit,
To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdee,

The first that brake Ice was a Lais that had been,
Born of a good House, but decay'd ;
Her Gown was new dy'd and her Night-rail clean,
Tosing and talk French she'd been bred ;
She'd dance Northen Nancy,
Ask Parlez vous Francois ?
That Hodge might her Breeding see ;
She'd roll her black Eye,
Breath short with a Sigh,
Whene'er she came nigh Twangdillo, Twangdee.

The next was a Sempstress of Stature low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Male ;
 Her Hair was black as an Autumn Shoe,
 And harsh as a Coach-Horse's Tail ;
 She'd ogle and wheedle,
 And prick with her Needle
 What d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? cry'd she ;
 But now her brisk Tone
 Is chang'd to a groan
 Ah ! Pity my Moan, Twangdillo, Twangdee.

A musty old Chambermaid, lean and tall,
 The next as a Suitor appears ;
 With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
 For Time had drawn them many Years ;
 Cast Gowns, and such Lumber,
 Old Smocks without Number,
 She bragg'd should her Dowry be ;
 Forty Pair of lac'd Shoes,
 Ribbons, Green, Red, and Blues ;
 But all would not noose Twangdillo, Twangdee.

The next was a Lads of a Popish Train,
 That Jesuit Whims had been taught ;
 She bragg'd they'd soon have King J—s again ;
 Tho' her Spouse was Hang'd for the Plot ;
 The French would come over,
 And land here at Dover,
 And all that they wish'd for would be ;
 This Jacobite Jade,
 Talk'd as if she was mad,
 In hopes to have had Twangdillo Twangdee.

A Vintner's fat Widow then was view'd,
 Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf ;
 He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd
 brew'd,
 And lately had poison'd himself :
 With Bumpers of Claret,
 No Souse paying for it,
 She'd Roger's Companion be ;

Strike Fift on the Board,
 Huzza was the Word.
 Come Kiss me adorn'd Twangdillo Twangdee.

But Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,
 And so gave a Loose to the next.
 The Niece of a canting blear ey'd Non con,
 That stilly could canvass his Text.
 A Dame in Cheap side too,
 Would ha' fain be his Bride too,
 And made him of London free ;
 But no Lads would down,
 In Country or Town,
 So Pusie proud was grown Twangdillo Twangdee.

Till at last pretty Nancy a Farmer's Joy,
 That newly a milking had been ;
 Found fac'd, cherry cheek'd with a rolling Eye,
 Came tripping it over the Green :
 She mov'd like a Goddess,
 And in her lac'd Bodice,
 A Span she could hardly be :
 Her Lips were plump grown,
 And her Hair a dark Brown ;
 'Twas she that brought down Twangdillo Twangdee

SONG 68. *Hark ! the bonny, &c.*

Hark ! the bonny Christ Church Bells,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

They sound so woundly great,
 So wond'rous sweet,
 And they towl so merrily, merrily,
 Hark ! the first and second Bell,
 That every Day at Four and Ten,
 Cries come to Pray'rs,
 And the Verger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, tingle, goes the small Bell at Nine,
 To call the Beerers home ;
 But the Dev'l a Man,
 Will leave his Cann,
 'Till he hears the mighty Tom.

SONG 69: *Love's a gentle, &c.*

Love's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights ;
 Which, with mutual Inclinations,
 Two fond Hearts in one unites,

What are Titels, Pomp, and Riches,
 If compar'd with true Content ?
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless Passions bring Vexation,
 But a chaste and gentle Love,
 Is a glorious Emulation,
 Of the blissful State above.

SONG 70. *Maria, when my, &c.*

Maria, when my Sight you blest,
 Each Morn beneath your Cow,
 How can the Swain his Joy express,
 To see thee in thy rural Dress.
 And hear thee Singing too ?

Thy milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,
 Denotes thy purer Thought,
 As clear from Falshood as D'stain ;
 And in thy soft and cheerful Strain,
 My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn:
 More fragrant than the Hay ;
 Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn ;
 Or Clover grass, or green ear'd Corn ;
 Or Cows more sweet than they.

Thy modest Cheeks out blush the Rose,
 Whilst I thy Charms recite ;
 Thy Lips are Cherries, Eyes are Sloes ;
 And thy engaging Smiles disclose,
 Two Rows of Iv'ry white,

But oh ! the Burden of my Song !
 Those Charms may fall a Prey,

And be commanded, right or wrong,
By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue,
Can neither sing nor say.

The Villet thus, that in the Mead,
Regal'd our Smell, alafs !
No more must rear his bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread,
Or mow'd with common Grass.

The chearful Mornings, once so blest,
The Ev'nings too, are o'er :
Ye Cows, whose Teats Maria preßt,
Farewel : My Pipe has done its best,
Maria smiles no more.

SONG 71. *Lotharia.*

VAinly now ye strive to charm me,
All ye Sweets of blooming May :
How shoud empty Sunshine warm me,
While *Lotharia* keeps away.
While, &c.

Go ye warbling Birds go leave me,
Shade ye Clouds the smiling Sky.
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.
Softer, &c.

SONG 72. *Corn Rigs are bony.*

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddv ;
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy.
His Shape is handsome, middle Size ;
He's Rately in his Wawking ;
The Shining of his Een surprize ;
'Tis Heav'n to hear him Tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spoke,

That set my Heart a Glowing,
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O Corn Rigs are bony.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
 Refuse what maidit they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaitly should be granting ;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my Cockernony,
 He's free to touzie air or late,
Where Corn Rigs are bony.

SONG 73. *Life is chequer'd, &c.*

LIFE is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure,
 Fill up all the various Measure,
 See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins ;
 Drinking, toping Flip by Firkins ;
 And as they raise the Tip,
 To their happy Lip,
 On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
 But prithee *Jack*, prithee *Dick*,
 Prithee *Sam*, prithee *Tom*,
 Let the Cann go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle,
 Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle,
 Bustle, bustle :
 My Boy let us stir, let us toil,
 But let us drink all the While,
 For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
 For Labour, &c.

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure,
 Fill up all the various Measures :
 Hark the Crew with Sun burnt Faces,
 Chanting Black ey'd Susan's Graces :
 And as they raise their Notes,
 Thro' their rusty Throats,
 On the Deck, &c. With the Chorus as before.

Life is chequer'd -- Toil and Pleasure,
 Fill up all the various Measure :
 See the Crew their Cares discarding,
 With Hustle cap, or with Chuck farthing ;
 Still in merry Pin,
 Let 'em lose or win.
 On the Deck &c. with the Chorus as before.

SONG 74. *The new flown Birds.*

TH E new-flown Birds the Shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May,
 Come Pastorella, now the Spring,
 Makes every Landkip gay.
 Wide spreading Trees their leafy Shade,
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
 Their quivering Branches bend ,
 Or in, &c.

Come taste the Season in its Prime,
 And bless the rising Year ;
 Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
 Till thou my Love appear !
 Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
 Warm in thy Beauty's Shine :
 When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine.

For thee of Doves a Milk-white Pair,
 In silken Bands I hold,
 For the a firstling Lambkin fair,
 I keep within the Fold :
 If Milk-white Doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender Lambkins please,
 My spotless Heart, without Deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

SONG 75. *Should I die, &c.*

SHould I die by the Force of good Wine,
 'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine,

And for the Age to come,
 Engrave this on my Tomb :
 Here lies a Body once so brave,
 Who with Drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die's to purchase Fame,
 And raise an everlasting Name ;
 Drink, drink away ; drink, drink away ;
 And there let's be nobly interr'd :
 Let Milers and Slaves pop into their Graves,
 And rot in a dirty Church Yard.

SONG 76. *How brimful, &c.*

HOW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau :
 They've Nothing to think of, they've No-
 thing to do :

They've nothing to talk of, for Nothing they know,
 Such, such is the Life of a Beau, &c.

For Nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air ;
 Spend the Morning in Nothing, but Curling their
 Hair,

And do Nothing all Day, but sing; faunter, and
 stare :

Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, to the Play-house they
 crowd,

To mind Nothing done there, they always are
 proud :

But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud :
 Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,
 And for Nothing at Cards, a fair Partner they call :
 For they still must be beasted, who've—Nothing
 at all ;

Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing on Sundays at Church they appear ;
 For they've Nothing to hope, nor they've Nothing
 to fear :

They can be Nothing no where, who—Nothing
are here ;
Such, such is, &c.

SONG 77. *The Nut-brown Maid.*

'T Was in the bloom of May,
When Odours breath around,
When Nymphs are blyth and gay,
And all with Mirth abound ;
That happily I stray'd,
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a Maid,
No mortal e'er so fair. No mortal, &c,

She wore upon her Head,
A Bonnet made of Straw,
Which such a Face did shade,
As Phæbus never saw,
Her locks of Nut brown Hue,
A round ear'd Coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleasing view,
A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist,
A scrip embroider'd hung ;
The Lute her Fingers grac'd,
Accomp'ny'd with a Song ;
With such a pleasing Note,
Cuzzoni might regale,
Or Philomela's Throat,
That warbles thro' the Vale.

Not long I stood to view,
Struck with her heav'nly Air,
I to the Charmer flew,
And caught the yielding Fair
Hear this, ye scornful Bellies,
And milder ways pursue ;
She that in charms excels,
Excels in kindness too.

SONG 78. *Ask if yon damask, &c.*

AS K if yon damask Rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient Air
 Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair?
 If dear, dear Susanna's fair,
 If dear Susanna's fair
 Ask if yon damask &c.

Say will the Vulture leave his Prey?
 And warble thro' the Grove;
 Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
 Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

The Spoils of War let others share,
 Let Pride in Splendor shine.
 Ye Bards unenvy'd Laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

SONG 79. *Fair Belinda.*

WHen mighty JOVE survey'd Mankind,
 And saw *Belinda* there;
 Struck was the God on Earth to find,
 A Creature so divine,
 Forthwith he call'd for Cupid's Arms,
 And sk'd a powerful Dart,
 To wound with Love those beauteous Charms,
 Which thus has smote his Heart,
 Which thus, &c,

Cupid approach'd with trembling Wings,
 Unwilling to declare;
 That he from whom this Passion springs,
 Was Captive to the Fair.
 Enrag'd at this the God head said,
 Know tho' thou'rt God of Love,
 Yet of these Realms I reign the Head,
 And who dare rival Jove.

Cupid thus struck with deep Affright,
 Strait quits his native Skies;

And to avoid Jove's pow'rful Might,
 He flew to *Bella's* Eyes ;
 There basking lurks, nor heeds the God,
 Who rules and governs all ;
 Convinc'd that he at *Bella's* Nod,
 A Sacrifice must fall.
 Fir'd with Revenge, the God then swore,
 By high Olympus Hill,
 That Cupid ne'er should ramble more.
 But stay with *Bella* still,
 Confin'd in her, he there remains,
 Ne'er to return again ;
 Whilst she alone supremely reigns,
 A like o'er Gods as Men.

SONG 80. *One Day I heard, &c.*

ONE Day I heard *Mary* say,
 How shall I leave thee,
 Stay dearest *Adonis*, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me,
 Alas, my fond Heart will break,
 If thou should leave me,
 I'll live and die for thy Sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, Lovely *Adonis*, say,
 Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee,
 Did e'er her Young Heart betray,
 New Love, that has griev'd thee :
 My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me :
 I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my Charming Youth,
 What can relieve thee,
 Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth,
 This Breast shall receive thee,
 My Passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee,
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee Lad,
 How shall I leave thee ;
 O ! that Thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee,
 Where would my *Adonis* fly,
 Why does he grieve me :
 Alas, my poor Heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

SONG 81. *Pretty Wanton, &c.*

Pretty Wanton come away,
 Lover's Month is always May :
 Long have I, too long to say,
 Su'd the wanton Thing to play.
 But alas ! and well a day !
 When I sue you cry me nay.
 To requite my ling'ring Stay ;
 Pay me now or never pay ;
 Nature smiles and all is gay,
 All is deck'd in best Array.
 Pretty Wanton come away,
 Let us love the Month of May.

Little Wanton let us rove,
 Thro' the frag'rant myrtle Grove ;
 There to hear the Turtle dove,
 Cooling Sonnets to its Love ;
 Ev'ry Turtle equals Jove,
 Tho' the God for Beauty strove,
 Let us then our Time improve,
 Sonnets may your Scorn remove,
 Coynefs doth not thee behove,
 Wear the Wreath a Shepherd wove ;
 Little Wanton let us rove
 Thro' the frag'rant Myrtle Grove.

Pri'thee Wanton come away,
 Slight not Love with cold Delay,
 Ev'ry Field is green and gay.
 Ev'ry Hawthorn's crown'd with May,

Jocund Birds on ev'ry Spray,
 Warble out the live long Day :
 Ev'ry Swain in Shepherd's Grey,
 Tunes his fav'rite Round lay ;
 Tender Lambkins sportive Stray,
 Blossom buds their Sweets display,
 Come my Wanton come away,
 Let us love the Month of May.

SONG 82. *Strephon* and *Phyllis*.

STREPHON.

When you for me alone had Charms,
 And none more happy fill'd your Arms,
 Your *Strephon* slighted with disdain,
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain.

PHYLLIS,

While you remain'd to me sincere,
 Nor any Maid was yet more dear,
 I then was blest my Joys were true,
 And I approv'd no Swain but you.

STREPHON.

But *Delia* now has won my Heart,
 And does an equal Flame impart.
 Thro' sportive Meads and Woods we rove,
 And tell our pleasing Tales of Love.

PHYLLIS.

Colin is now my Joy and care,
 Each Tree our flighted Vows shall bear,
 And sweetly glides the Summers Day,
 While ev'ry Month with him is May.

STREPHON.

What if our former Loves return,
 And all my Bosom for you burn,
 If gentle *Delia* please no more,
 And I'm your *Strephon* as before.

PHYLLIS.

If *Phyllis* may be woo'd again,
 I'll leave the Shepherds of the Plain,

Will Love my *Strepson* kind and true,
And Live and Die alone with you.

CHORUS.

The Swain and Maid no more can prove,
Unfaithful to each others Love,
Their Breasts shall ever beat the same,
And Love shine forth with purest Flame.

SONG 83. *By the gaily, &c.*

BY the gaily circling Glass,
We can see how Minutes pass;
By the hollow Casks are told,
How the waning Night grows old,
Soon, too soon, the busy Day,
Drives us from our Sport and Play,
What have we with Day to do?
Sons of Care! 'twas made for you.

SONG 84. *Balin a Mone.*

WHERE ever I'm going and all the Day long,
At Home and abroad or alone in a Throng,
I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,
That your Name when I'm silent still runs in my
Song.

Sing Balin a mone o-ra, Balin a mone, &c.
For a Kiss of your sweet Lips for me.

Since the first Time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes,
So hot is the Flame in my Stomach that glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my Cloaths,
Sing Balin a mone o-ra, &c.
Your pretty black Hair for me.

In my Conscience I fear I shall die in my Grave,
Unless you comply and poor Phelim will save,
And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
Who never was free 'till you made him your Slave,
Sing Balin a mone o-ra, &c.
Your pretty black Eyes for me.

On that happy Day when I make you my Bride,
With a swinging long Sword how I'll strut and I'll
stride,

With Coach and six Horses with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side.

Sing Balin a mone o ra, &c.

Your Lilly white Fidd for me.

SONG 85. *The Nonpareil.*

THo' Chloe's out of Fashion,
Can blush and be sincere,

I'd toast her in a Bumper,

If all the Belles were here :

What tho' no Diamonds sparkle,

About her Neck and Waist,

With ev'ry shining Virtue,

The lovely Maid is grac'd,

With ev'ry, &c.

In modest, plain Apparel,

No Patches, Paint, or Airs,

In Debt alone to Nature,

An Angel she appears,

From gay Coquets high finish'd.

My Chloe takes no Rules ;

Nor envies them their Conquests,

The Hearts of all the Fools.

Nor envies, &c.

Who wins her must have Merit,

Such Merit as her own,

The Graces all possessing,

Yet knows not she has One :

Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,

The Gifts you most approve,

And Chloe, charming Chloe,

Will bless me with her Love.

And Chloe, &c.

SONG 86. *On the Spring.*

A Spring sol' whose gladsome Rays,
Invites the Muse to Sing ;

Prone o'er the East his Flame displays,
 To usher in the Spring;
 Great Nature gives the loud Alarm,
 And all her Works appear,
 Resuming ev'ry wonted Charm,
 To bless the rising Year.

The Fields their liveliest Verdure wear,
Pomona's Blessings bloom,
 And *Flora* does the ambient Air,
 With vernal Sweets perfume:
 To welcome Spring on Oaten Reed,
 The Shepherds make Essay,
 Whilst all around th'enamell'd Mead,
 Their Wanton Lambkins play.

Mark yon two Lovers in the Grove,
 Beneath the friendly Shade,
 Hark! how the Swain declares his Love,
 To the enamour'd Maid,
 Where Trees appear with Leaves replete,
 And warbling Birds proclaim,
 (Cheer'd by the suns enlivening heat)
 Their little am'rous Flame.

Here Love, in all its sweets resides,
 As when at first ordain'd,
 Ere Pride and ev'ry Nice besides.
 It's pure Delights had stain'd:
 Let Rakes, their stupid Joys declare,
 They've senselless of the Bliss,
 Which all the few that's happier share,
 P'rh' balmy rural Kiss.

Think! Britons think on Kings severe,
 Who rule in distant Climes,
 Where nought but barren Fields appear,
 Thro' the revolving Times;
 Here Liberty and Plenty smile,
 And Peace extends again,
 Her Olive Branch to glad the Isle,
 And bless great GEORGE's Reign.

SONG 87. *To make the Wife, &c.*

TO make the Wife kind, and to keep the
House still,
You must be of her Mind, let her say what she will :
In all that she does you must give her, her Way.
For tell her she's Wrong, and you'll lead her astray,
Then Husbands take care,
Of Suspicions beware,
Your Wives may be true,
If you fancy they are:
With Confidence trust them, and be not such Elves,
As to make by your Jealousy Horns for yourselves.
With Confidence trust, &c.

Abroad all the Day if she chances to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her Absence, she'll sigh to come
Home :

The Man she likes best, and longs most to be at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands take care, &c.

What Virtue she has, you may safely oppose ;
Whatever her Follies are, praise her for those :
Approve all her Schemes that she lays for a Man.
For name but a Vice, and she'll sin if she can.
Then Husbands take care, &c.

SONG 88. *The Lowland Lads.*

THE Lowland Lads think they are fine
But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that graceful Mien,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie ?
O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
My handsome charming Highland Laddie ;
May Heav'n still guard, and Love reward,
Our Lowland Lads and our Highland Laddie.
If I were free at Will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lowland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest Beau in Borrow's Town,
 In his Airs, with Art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown,
 He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and Daddy ;
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and filken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland Laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG 89. *Come Mira, Idol, &c.*

COME Mira, Idol of the Swains,
 Advance with Majesty divine ;
 Come, Mira, &c.

To Bowers, where gracious Flora reigns,
 And warbling sing the Muses Nine,
 And warbling, &c.

Come every sprightly Joy to taste,
 That rural Art and Nature boast ;
 Come every, &c.

Fly hither with the Lightning's Haste,
And be the universal Toast,
And be, &c.

A Scene so beautiful can't be shown,
Tho' thou should'st every Realm survey ;
A Scene, &c.

As all where'er thou com'st must own,
Thy Graces bear unrivall'd Sway,
Thy Graces, &c.

SONG 90. *Goddeſs of Eaſe, &c.*

Goddeſs of Eaſe, leave Lethe's Brink,
Obſequious to the Muſe and me :
For once endure the Pain to think ;
O ! ſweet Inſenſibility,
Siſter of Peace and Indolence.
Bring Muſe, bring Numbers ſoft and flow,
Elaborately void of Senſe,
And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow,
Sweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near to ſome Cowſlips painted Mead
There let me doſe away dull Hours ;
And under me let Flora ſpread,
A Sopha of her fineſt Flowers,
Where Philomel, your Notes you breathe,
Forth from behind the neighb'ring Pine ;
While Murmurs of the Stream beneath,
Still flow in Uniſon with thine,
Flow in Uniſon with thine.

For thee, O Idleneſs ! the Woes,
Of Life we patiently endure ;
Thou art the Source whence Labour flows,
We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure
For who would bear War's Toil and Waſte,
Or who the Thund'ring of the Sea,
But to be idle at the laſt,
And find a pleaſing End in thee,
And find a pleaſing End in thee.

SONG 91. *By dimpled Brook, &c.*

BY dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood Nymphs deck'd with Daisies trim,
Their merry Wakes and Pastimes keep,
What has Night to do with Sleep.

Night has better Sweets to prove ;
Venus wakes, and wakens Love ;
Come, let us our Rites begin ;
'Tis only Day light that makes Sin.

SONG 92. *The Protestation.*

NO more shall Meads be deckt with Flow'rs,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy Bow'rs,
Nor greenest Buds on Branches spring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
Nor April Violets paint the Grove,
If I forsake my Celia's Love,
If I forsake, &c.

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,
And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn :
The humble Vale no Flood shall know,
When Floods shall highest Hills o'er flow ;
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.
If e'er, &c.

Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by,
And Venus's Doves want Wings to fly ;
The Sun refuse to shew his Light,
And Day be turned into Night,
And in that Night no Star appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear.
If e'er, &c.

SONG 93. *Ye Gales that, &c.*

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boat Man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
My brave, my bonny *Scot*—Man :

In haly Bands,
 We join'd our Hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While Parents rate,
 A large Estate,
 Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chose in Highland Glens,
 To tend the Kid a Goat — Man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends,
 Refuse my bonny *Scot* Man.
 Wae worth the Man,
 Wha first began,
 The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views,
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to it's Passion.

Frae Foreign Fields my lovely Youth,
 Haste to thy longing Lassie,
 Who pants to prels thy bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee :
 Love gi'es the Word,
 Then haste on Board,
 Fair Winds and twenty Boat Man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder Shore,
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—Man.

SONG 94. *As I saw fair Chloe.*

AS I saw fair Chloe walk alone,
 The feather'd Snow came softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his Tower,
 To court her in a Silver Shower,
 The wanton Flakes flew to her Breasts,
 As little Birds into their Nests ;
 But being overcome with Whiteness there,
 For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear ;
 Thence flowing down her Garments Hem,
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG 95. *Blest as th' immortal.*

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth that fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd in Transport to't,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost,

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame,
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame:
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,
My feeble Pulse forgot to play
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

SONG 96. *Ring, ring the Bar-Bell.*

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack,
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,
With War I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Maëstricht,
Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars or Constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine;
 Then add two lovely Boys;
 Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,
 The Type of future Joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
 May Love and Wine still reign;
 With Wine I wash away my Care,
 And then to Love again.

SONG 97. *Of all States, &c.*

OF all States in Life so various,
 Marriage sure is most precarious !
 'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
 Still we are new Mazes finding ;
 'Tis an Action so severe
 That nought but Death can set us clear,
 Happy's the man from Wedlock free,
 Who knows how to prize his Liberty ;
 Where Men wary,
 How they marry,
 We should not be half so full of Misery.

SONG 98. *When first by fond, &c.*

WHen first by fond Damon, Flavella was seen
 He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien,
 The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm'd as a Lover, but cool as a Friend,
 From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move
 And the Swain brag'd his Heart was a Stranger
 to Love.

New Charms he discover'd, as more she was known
 Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own,
 E'er Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd.
 And oh ! what dear Virtues beam'd forth from
 her Mind :
 Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and shew'd it was
 Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the Fair,
Grows dull to all Pleasures, where she has no Share
He's mute, while his Heart Strings are ready to
break,

For the Fear of offending forbids him to speak :
And wanders, a willing Example to prove,
That Friendship with Women is Sister to Love.

A Lover thus conquer'd, how just his Pretence.
Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her
Sense ;

His Passion nor Wrinkles, nor Age can allay,
Since founded on Reason which ne'er can decay ;
And Time that will Beauty's soft Empire remove,
Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

SONG 99. *The Honey Moon.*

AS May in all her youthful Dress,
So gay my Love did once appear ;
A Spring of Charms adorn'd her Face,
The Rose and Lilly flourish'd there.
Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each Night new Pleasures did Create,
Ambrosial Words drop'd from her Tongue,
And am'rous Cupid's round did wait.

But as the Sun to West declines,
The Eastern Sky, does colder grow,
And all its radiant Looks resigns.
To the pale Moon that rules below,
So Love, while in her blooming Hour,
My Chloe was all kind and gay.
But when Possession nip'd that Flower,
Her Charms, like Autumn, drop'd away.

SONG 100. *Did you see e'er, &c.*

DID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, pass
this Way, (of May ;
Crown'd with Myrtles, and all the gay Verdure
G

'Tis my Strephon, oh ! bring him once more to my
Eyes.

From his Lucy in Search of new Pleasures he flies
All Day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains,

In pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth the
pains. In pursuit, &c.

Take Care Maids, take Care, when he flatters and
swears, (own Ear ;

How ye trust your own Eyes, or believe your
Like the Rose bud in June, ev'ry Hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out
of sight :

And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
She will find him a Conquest that's scarce worth
the Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish and sigh
E'er he gain'd a kind Look or a tender Reply,
Love, Honour, and Truth were the Themes that
he Sung,

And he swore that his Soul was a kin to his
Tongue ;

Too soon I believ'd and reply'd to his Strains,
And resign'd him too frankly my Heart for his
Pains.

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Child at his Play.

Soon the Wanton grew weary, and threw it
away : (fl,

Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does
In search of some other as silly as I,

But trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,

She will find him a Conquest that's scarce worth
the Pains.

Beware then, ye Nymphs, how ye sooth the fond
Flame. (same ;

And believe, in good Time, all the Sex are the
Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty, they'll range

Like him will they flatter, dissemble and change ;
For do what we can, still this Maxim remains,

That a Man, when we've got him, is scath worth
the Pains.

SONG 101. *Thou rising Sun, &c.*

THOU rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray,
Invites my Fair to rural Play,
Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,
And bring my Orra to my Eyes.

O were I sure my Dear to view,
I'd climb the Pine-tree's topmast Bough,
Aloft in th' Air that quiv'ring plays.
And round, and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What Woods conceal my sleeping Maid?
Up by the Roots, enrag'd I'll tear,
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.

Oh! could I ride on Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise;
Ye Storks, ye Swains, a Moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his Way.

My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
Apace the wasting Summer flies,
Nor yet the Wintry Blasts I fear,
Nor Storms nor Nights shall keep me here.

What may for Strength with Steel compare?
Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far;
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts torment, the first are best,
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away.

SONG 102. *Oh! how could, &c.*

Oh! how could I venture to love one like thee;
Or thou not despise a poor Conquest like me?
Or thou not despise, &c.
On Lords, thy Admirers, could'st look with disdain,
And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my Pain.

And tho' I was nothing, &c.

You said, while they teaz'd you with Nonsense and
Dress,
When real the Passion, the Vanity's less ;
You saw thro' that Silence which others despise,
And, while Beaux were talking, read Love in my
Eyes

Oh ! when shall I fold you, and kiss all your Charms
Till fainting with Pleasure, I die in your Arms ;
Thro' all the wild Transports of Extasy tost,
Till sinking together, together we're lost ?

Oh ! where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose Wit can enliven the dull Pause of Joy ;
And when the short Transports are all at an End,
From beautiful Misses, turn sensible Friend ?

In vain could I praise you, or strive to reveal,
Too nice for Expression, what only we feel ;
In all that you do, in each Look and each Mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen.

When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a Woman no more ;
Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And, kissing those Lips, you grow Woman again.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair ?
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care ;
I'll ask thy Advice, when with Trouble oppress'd,
Which ever displeases, yet always is best.

In all that I write I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy Taste shall correct what thy Love did inspire ;
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till Youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendship, when Passion's no more.

SONG 103: *The Pleasures, &c.*

THE Pleasures of Drinking.
The Wite and the Thinking ;
Condemn as a Wond'rous Folly,
And do often complain :
Of the Soc's merry Vein,
Who only knows how to be Jolly.

But get the Sage Thinker,
 Once drunk as a Tinker :
 To taste of the Pleasures we have,
 He'll swear by the Nappy,
 The Man that wou'd be happy,
 Must be Drunk, must be Drunk, Must be Drunk,
 From the Womb to the Grave.

SONG 104. *Ask me not how, &c.*

AS K me not how calmly I,
 All the Cares of Life defy,
 How I baffle human Woes ?
Woman, Woman, Woman knows.
 You may live and laugh as I,
 You like me may Cares defy ;
 All the Pangs the Heart endures,
Woman, Woman, Woman cures.
 Ask me not of empty Toys,
 Feats of Arms and drunken Joys,
 I have Pleasures more divine,
Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.
 Raptures more than Folly knows,
 More than Fortune can bestow,
 Flowing Bowls, and conquer'd Fields,
Woman, Woman, Woman yields.
 Ask me not of Woman's Art,
 Broken Vows, and faithless Hearts ;
 Tell the Wretch who pines and grieves,
Woman, Woman, Woman lives,
 All Delights the Heart can know,
 More than Folly can bestow.
 Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,
Woman, Woman, Woman brings.

SONG 105. *Mary Scot.*

TWas Summer, and the Day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,
 Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the Braes of Yarrow ;

Till then despising Beauty's Power,
 I kept my Heart, my own secure :
 But Cupid's Art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive ?
 No Ransom take for Mary's Slave ?
 Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me,
 Her lovely Smiles, like Light, revive me,
 No Bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming Fair :
 This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Yarrow,
 In Natur's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heav'n but one Request,
 I'd ask to lie in Mary's Breast ;
 There would I live or die with Pleasure,
 Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure ;
 Despising King, and all that's Great,
 I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate :
 My Joy compleat in such a Marrow,
 I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such Bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my Chain,
 In hopes my faithful Heart may move her ;
 For leaving Life I'll always love her,
 What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind ;
 That Breast, all Softness, must prove kind ;
 And she shall yet become my Marrow,
 The lovely beauteous Rose of Yarrow.

SONG 106. *Why should I my, &c.*

WHY shou'd I my Passion smother,
 Or the Man I love torment :
 Frowns may drive him to another,
 Then too late I may repent. Then too late, &c.
 Often he has fondly woo'd me,
 Yet I always seem'd Coy :
 Tho' in melting Strains he sued me,
 'Gainst my Will I did deny.

Thus we force our Selves to suffer,
 And slight what we so much prize :
 Yet 'tis easy to discover,
 Our own Thoughts within our Eyes.

I cannot resist much longer,
 He's the only Man I love,
 And my Passion grows the stronger,
 'Cause he does so constant prove.

I'll Endeavour to regain him,
 And his constant Love requite ;
 Tho' so long I did disdain him,
 In him only I delight.

Sweet Endearments may allure him,
 Never shall I be at Rest ;
 Till for ever I secure him,
 He alone can make me blest.

SONG 107. *Some say Drinking, &c.*

Some say Drinking does disguise Men,
 And their Wits turns out of Doors ;
 But I say to all such wise Men,
 That they Lye, like Sons of Whores ;
 For when a Man is Drunk,
 He speaketh what he thinks,
 Yea, he is not even so, but is frank and free ;
 For many one you know,
 By being a Cup too low,
 Have been fairly disguised by Modesty.

My Friend and I, we drank whole Pils pots,
 Full of Sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot,
 So we to's'd about the Whim :
 Ten Gallons and a Quart,
 We swallow'd at a draught,
 (But hang such puny Sips as these ;
 We laid us all along,
 With our Mouths unto the Bung,
 And tipp'd whole Hogheads off with Ease,

I heard of a Fop that drank but Tankards,
 Stile himself the Prince of Sots :
 But I say hang hang all such Drunkards,
 Melt their Flaggons, break their Pots,
 My Friend and I did join,
 For a Cellar full of Wine,
 And we drank the Vinter out of Door ;
 We drank it all up,
 In a Morning, at a Sup,
 And greedily rov'd about for more.

My Friend to me did make this Motion,
 Let us to the Vintage skip :
 Then we imbark'd upon the Ocean,
 Where we found a Spanish Ship,
 Deep laden with Wine,
 Which was superfine,
 The Sailors swore five hundred Tun ;
 We drank it all at Sea,
 E're we came unto the Key,
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.

My Friend, likewise did make this Motion,
 Come, let's to the Vineyards haste :
 Strait then we sail'd to the Canaries,
 Which afforded just a Taste ;
 From thence unto the Rhine,
 Where we drank up all the Wine,
 Till Bacchus cry'd, hold ye Sots, or you die,
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal Round,
 Such toping Souls as my Friend and I.

SONG 108. *Dear unrelenting, &c.*

Dear unrelenting cruel Fair,
 How cou'd you first my Heart ensnare ;
 Then leave that Heart to break,
 How cou'd you first obtain a Prize,
 By those dear sweet deluding Eyes ;
 And then that Prize forsake.

Like the close everlasting Flame,
 My Heart is doom'd to burn the same,
 Whilst you the Heart inspire.
 You, like the Vestal void of sleep,
 Within, eternal Virgils keep,
 And feed the fainting Fire.

Dear cruel Nymph those Flames suppress,
 O Love me more, or plague we less.
 Too much you know I've bore,
 For shame throw off that haughty Air,
 And shew the soft complying Fair,
 Or let me love no more.

SONG 109. *Oh lovely Maid, &c.*

OH lovely Maid, how dear's thy Pow'r,
 At once I love, at once adore,
 With Wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 Whilst softest Love inspires my Breast.
 While softest, &c.

Yes charming Victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is this Heart of mine,
 Was never in another's Pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by Love before.
 Was never, &c.

In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou canst give bliss or bliss destroy,
 And thus I've bound myself in love,
 While bliss or misery can move,
 While bliss, &c.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms,
 Were hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone,
 Still would &c.

But like some discontented Shade.
 That wanders were its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
 For ever exil'd from the Fair.
 For ever, &c.

SONG 110. *Genteel in Personage.*

Genteel in Personage,
Conduct an Equipage,
Noble by Heritage.

Gen'rous and Free ;

Brave not Romantick,
Learn'd not Pedantick,
Frolick not Frantick,

This must be He.

Honour Maintaining,
Meanness Disdaining,
Still Entertaining,

Engaging and New ;

Neat but not Finnical,
Sage but not Cynical,
Never Tyrannical,

But ever True.

SONG 111. *Ye Virgin Pow'rs, &c.*

YE Virgin Pow'rs defend my Heart,
From am'rous Looks and Smiles ;
From sawcy Love and nicer Art,
Which most our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows and awful Fears,
That do to Pity move ;
From speaking Silence and from Tears,
Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide ;
And where frail Nature seems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.

The Heart whose Flames are seen tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid ;
And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

SONG 112. *With early Horn.*

With early Horn,
 Salute the Morn,
 That gilds this charming Place ;
 With chearful Cries,
 Bid Eccho rise,
 And join the jovial Chace,
And join, &c.

The vocal Hills around,
 The waving Woods,
 The Chrystal Floods,
 All return th'enlivening Sounds.
The vocal, &c.

SONG 113. *The wanton God, &c.*

THe wanton God, that pierces Hearts,
 Dips in Gall his pointed Darts.
 But the Nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine.

Farewel Lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish Fops are free,
 To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms, whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my Ease ;
 No jealous Fears my Love molest,
 Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest.

Why should they e'er give me Pain ?
 Who to give me Joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal Man
 Is to love me — whilst I can.

SONG 114. *Maidens beware, &c.*

MAidens, beware ye,
 Love will ensnare ye,
 If you but look or lend an Ear.

Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trepan ye,
Tears will draw you into the Snare.

Daily you'll find it,
If you'll but mind it,
How many Maids false Men betray :
Let this concern ye,
Let their Fall learn ye,
From the Danger to run away.

Let Virtue guard ye,
Praise will reward ye,
And you will shine in brightest Fame,
When the poor Creature,
That yields up her Charter,
Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame.

SONG 115. *Come Rosalind, &c.*

Come *Rosalind*, O come and see,
What Pleasures are in store for thee,
What Pleasures, &c.

The Fields their gayest Beauties wear,
The Flowers in all their Sweets appear,
The Flowers in all their Sweets appear,

The joyful Birds, in every Grove,
Now warble out their Songs of Love,
Now warble out, &c.

For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,
And *Colin* thee invites to come,
And Collin, &c.

Come *Rosalind*, and *Collin* join,
My tender Flocks and all are thine,
My tender, &c.

If Love and *Rosalind* be near,
'Tis May and Pleasure all the Year,
'Tis May, &c.

Come see a Cottage and a Swain,
Can'st thou my Love Gifts disdain ?
Can'st thou, &c.

Leave all behind, no longer stay,
For *Collin* calls, then haste away,
For *Collin* calls, then haste away.

SONG 116. *Pompey's Ghost.*

From lasting and unclouded Day,
From Joys serene above allay,
And from a Spring without Decay,
I come by *Cynthia's* borrow'd Beams,
To visit my *Cornelia's* Dream,
And teach her yet sublimer Themes.

Behold the Man thou lov'dst before,
Pure Streams have wash'd away his Gore,
And *Pompey* now shall bleed no more,
By Death my Glory I resume.
It would have been a harsher Doom,
To've outliv'd the Liberties of *Rome*.

By me let doubtful Fortunes try'd,
Falling bequeath my Fame this Pride,
I with her liv'd, and for her died ;
Nor shall my Vengeance be withstood,
Nor unattended with a Flood,
Of *Roman* and *Egyptian* Blood.

Cæsar thyself it shall pursue,
Thy Days shall troubled be, and few,
And thou shalt fall by Treason too ;
Thou, by severity divine,
Shall be an Offering at my Shrine,
As I was yours, thou shalt be mine.

Thy stormy Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waft thee soon ashore,
And to thy *Pompey* thee restore ;
Where past the Fears of sad Removes
We'll entertain our 'potless Loves,
In beauteous and immortal Groves.

There none a guilty Crown shall wear,
 Nor *Cæsar* be Dictator there,
 Nor shall *Cornelia* shed a Tear,
 There none a guilty Crown shall wear,
 Nor *Cæsar* be Dictator there,
 Nor shall *Cornelia* shed a Tear.

SONG 117. *The Cuckow.*

S U M M E R.

WHen Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,
 And Cuckow buds of Yellow Hue,
 And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight ;
 The Cuckow then on every Tree,
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.
 When Shepherds pipe on oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks ;
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks,
 The Cuckow then on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.

W I N T E R.

When Ificles hang by the Wall,
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail,
 And Tom bears Logs unto the Hall,
 And Milk comes frozen home i Pail :
 When Blood is nipt and Ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 Tu whit-tu-whoo, Tu-whit-tu whoo, a merry,
 merry Note.
 While greasy Joan doth Keel her Pot.
 When all around the Wind doth blow,
 And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw,
 A d Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
 And Marian's Nose looks red and raw :

Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
 And nightly sing the staring Owl ;
 Tu-whit-tu whoo, a merry, merry Note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.

SONG 118 *If you my Wand'ring,*

IF you my wand'ring Heart would find,
 That Heart you say is like the Wind,
 Which varies here, and wanders there.
 To every Nymph that's kind and fair ;
 I say if you this Heart would find,
 Turn to your own inconstant Mind ;
 If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be,
 In Wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle when you fly,
 And shun this faithful Votary ?
 A Nymph that's fair, it oft doth find,
 But never yet the Nymph that's kind,
 If you would fix this wand'ring Heart,
 Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart ;
 But in the Pangs of Death will prove,
 It wander'd but to fix your Love.

SONG 119 *How blest has &c.*

HOW blest has my Time been ! what Days
 have I known,
 Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own,
 So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain.

That Freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' Walks, grown with Woodbines, as often we
 fray,

Around us, our Boys and Girls frolick and play ;
 How pleasing their Sport is, the Wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my *Jessy* and me.

And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet Temper oft'times am I seen,
 In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green :

Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles
And meets me at Night, &c.

What tho' on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,
Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year thro'
Time still, as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth.
And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to insure,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair ;
In search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam ?
To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home.
To hold it for Life, &c.

SONG 120. *The Fair Thief.*

BEfore the Urchin well cou'd go,
She stole the Whiteness of the Snow,
And more that Whiteness to adorn,
She stole the Blushes of the Morn :
Stole all the Sweetness *Æther* sheds,
On Primrose Buds, and Violet Beds,
On Primrose Buds and Violet Beds.

Still to reveal her artful Wiles,
She stole the Graces in her Smiles :
She stole *Aurora's* balmy Breath,
And piller'd Orient Pearl for Teeth ;
The Cherry dipt in Morning Dew,
Gave Moisture to her Lips and Hue.

These were her Infant Spoils, a Store,
And she in Time still piller'd more,
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus Queen,
Her Air and Love commanding Mien,
Stole *Juno's* Dignity, and stole,
From *Pallas*, Sense to charm the Soul.

Apollo's Wit was next her Prey,
Her next, the Beam that lights the Day ;
She sung, amaz'd the Syren's heard,
And to assert their Voice appear'd :

She play'd, the Muses from their Hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their Skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And t'other Day she stole my Heart ;
It Lovers, *Cupid*, are thy Care.
Exert your Vengeance on this Fair ;
To Trial bring her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be my Arms.
And let her Prison be my Arms.

SONG 121 *Thursday in the Morn.*

Thursday in the Morn the Ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous Ninety Two ;
Brave *Ruffel* did discern by th' Dawn of Day,

The lofty Sails of *France* advancing to :
All Hands, all Hands aloft, let *English* Valour shine
Let fly a Culverin, the Signal for the Line,

Let every Man supply his Gun,
Follow me, and you'll see,
That the Battle will soon be won.

Tourville on the Main Triumphant rowl'd,

To meet the gallant *Ruffel* to Combat on the deep
He led a noble Train of Heroes bold,

To sink the English Admiral at his Feet ;
Now ev'ry valiant Mind to Victory doth aspire.
The bloody Fight's begun the Sea it-self's Fire ;

And mighty Fate stood looking on,

Whilst a Flood all of Blood,

Fill'd the Port-holes of the Rising Sun,

Sulphur, Smoak and Fire, disturb'd the Air,

With Thunder and Wonder, 't affright's the Gal-
lick Shore,

Their regulated Bands stood trembling near,

To see the lofty Streamers now no more :

At Six o' Clock the Red, the smiling Victors led,

To give a second Blow, the total overthrow,

Now Death and Horror equal reign,

All they're cry 's run or dye,

British Colours ride the vanquish'd Main.

Now they fly amaz'd thro' Rocks and Sands,
 One Danger to shun they grasp a greater Fate ;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping Lands,
 The Nymphs and Sea Gods mourn their lost
 Estate :

For evermore adieu thou dazling Rising Sun,
 From thy untimely End thy Master's Fate's begun,
 Enough thou mighty God of War,
 Now we Sing, bless the King,
 Here's a Health to every *English* Tar.

SONG 122. *The blytheft Bird, &c.*

THe blytheft Bird that sings in May,
 Was ne'er more blyth was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah Well-a-Day !
Than I, ah Well a Day !
 E'er *Collin* yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the Reason why,
 O Love, ah Well-a-Day !
O Love, ah Well a Day !

We kiss'd, we toy'd tho' neither knew,
 From whence these fond Endearments grew ;
 Till he, ah Well a Day !
Till he, &c.

By Time and other Swains made wise,
 Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
 And Love, ah Well a day !
And Love, &c.

Kind Nature now took *Collin's* Part,
 My Eyes inform'd against my heart,
 My Heart, ah Well a day !
My Heart, &c.

Straight glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,
 And eccho'd back each gentle Sigh,
 Each Sigh, ah Well a day !
Each Sigh, &c.

Can Love, alas ! by Words be won ?
 He ask'd a Proof a tender one,
 While I, ah Well a Day !
While I, ah Well a Day !

In Silence blush'd a fond Reply,
Can she who truly loves deny ?

Ah, no, ah Well a day !

Ab, no, ab Well a day !

SONG 123 Go Rose, &c,

GO *Rose* my *Chloe's* Bosom grace,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied Place,
With never fading Love,
There *Phœnix* like beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die.
In Raptures burn and die,

Know hapless Flow'r that thou shalt find,

More fragrant *Roses* there ;

I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd,

With Envy and Despair ;

One common Fate we both must prove,

You die with Envy, I die with Love.

You die with Envy, I with Love.

SONG 124 *The Shepherd's Wedding.*

Amintor. **P***astora's* come with Myrtle crown'd,
To bless her fond *Amintor's* Side,
To bless her fond *Amintor's* Side.

The Sun in his extensive Round,

Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride,

Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride.

Pastora. If to be true is sweet and fair,

Pastora with *Lucinda* vies,

Pastora, &c.

And sweeter she, than is the Air,

That fleets beneath *Arabian* Skies,

That fleets, &c.

Amintor. The Fields and Groves, each Hill and Vale,
Have Witness of my faithful Vow :

Have, &c,

Long had I sigh'd my *am'rous* Tale,
 But every Care's requited now,
But every, &c.

Passora. Without a Blush I here repeat,
 What to the Nymphs I told before,
What to the, &c.
 For thee my tender Heart does beat,
 Possess'd of thee, I ask no more,
Possess'd, &c.

Amintor. Thus with this Wreath I crown thy Brows,
 And with this Kiss my Love I seal,
And with, &c.
 And may I when I break my Vows,
 The Pangs of tortur'd Lovers feel,
The Pangs, &c.

Passora. Should I, ungrateful to my Swain,
 Afflict him with domestic Strife,
Afflict him, &c.
 May I be driven from the Plain,
 By every virtuous Maid and Wife,
By every virtuous Maid and Wife.

SONG 125. *Why should, &c.*

WHY should a Heart so tender break ?
 Oh ! Myra give its Anguish Ease ;
 The Use of Beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex but please,
Not meant to vex but please,

Those Lips for smiling are design'd,
 And that Bosom to be press'd ;
 Your Eyes to languish and look kind,
 For am'rous Arms your Waist,
For am'rous, &c.

Each Thing has its appointed Right,
 Establish'd by the Powers above ;
 The Sun and Stars give Warmth and Light,
 The Heav'ns distribute Love,
The Heav'ns, &c.

SONG 126 *Hail Windsor, &c.*

Hail *Windsor* crown'd with lofty Towers,
 Where Nature wantons at her Will :
 Decks every Vale with Fruits and Flow'rs,
 With waving Trees adorn each Hill.
 Like *Mars* with *Venus* in his Arms,
 Like his thy Strength, like hers thy Charms.

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine Eyes,
 Pleas'd with thy Prospects unconfin'd ;
 A thousand Scenes before me rise,
 A thousand Beauties charm my Mind,
 Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
 Nor this nor that, but all Things please.

Thus *Strepson* views his lovely Fair,
 From Charm to Charm in Raptures lost,
 Yet not her Face, nor Shape, nor Air,
 Nor yet her Eyes transport him most.
 But 'tis the heavenly finish'd Whole,
 With matchless Grace delights the Soul.

SONG 127. *The sleepy Fair.*

ONE Summer's Eve, as *Strepson* lov'd,
 Wrapt up in Thought profound,
 Surpriz'd he saw his best lov'd,
 Lye sleeping on the Ground,
 Lye sleeping on the Ground.
 Awake my pretty Sleeper wake,
 Awake to *Strepson's* Call ;
 Be careful for your Lover's Sake .
 'Tis Night, the Dew Drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
 And gently stole a Kiss,
 She still slept on. He not dismayed,
 Repeats the transient Bliss.
 She wakes, and thus with angry Tone,
 Away away, she cries ;
 Then fault'ring bids the Swain be gone :
 Then sigh'd and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your Words, sweet Maid,
 Can Sighs proceed from Hate?
 My Doubts are gone. Then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her Fate.
 Defended from the noxious Air,
 Within his Arms she lay,
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
 She said no more till Day.

SONG 128. *Gentle Love, &c.*

Gentle Love this Hour befriend me,
 To my Eyes resign thy Dart,
 Notes of melting Musick lend me,
 To dissolve a frozen Heart,
 Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom,
 Tho' I tender Language use,
 'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
 To my Arms and to my Muse.

See my dying Eyes are pleading.
 Where a broken Heart appears,
 For thy Pity interceding,
 With the Eloquence of Tears,
 While the Lamp of Life is fading,
 And beneath thy Coldness dies,
 Death my ebbing pulse invading,
 Take my Soul into thy Eyes,

SONG 129. *PHILLIS.*

He. **H**ark, Hark, o'er the Plains, how the mer-
 ry Bells ring,
 Asleep while my Chamber is laid,
 Asleep while my Chamber is laid,
 The Village is up, and the Day's on the Wing.
 And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid, my poor Girl,
 And *Phillis* may yet die a Maid.

She. 'Tis hardly yet Day, and I cannot away :-
 O *Damon*, I'm young and afraid ;
 To morrow my Dear, I'll to Church without
 Fear,

But let me To-night lie a Maid,

My dear Boy, &c.

He. Bridemaid's are met, and *Mamma's* on the Pet,
All, all, my coy *Phyllis* upbraid ;

By Midnight my Dear, shall be cas'd of her Fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a Maid,

My dear Girl, &c.

She. Dear *Shepherd* forbear, and To-morrow I swear
To-morrow I'll not be afraid ;

I'll open the Door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a Maid,

My dear Boy, &c.

He. No, no, *Phyllis*, no, on thy Bosom of Snow,
To night shall your *Shepherd* be la d ;

Fast lock'd in my Arms, you shall yield up your
Charms,

Nor wish to live longer a Maid,

My dear Girl, &c.

She. Then open the Door, 'twas unbolted before,

'Twas *Damon* his Blifs, that delay'd ;

To Church let us go, and if there I say no,

O then let me die an old Maid,

My dear Boy, &c.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Away then, away, and to *Love* give the Day,

Ye Nymphs, let Example persuade ;

Let Beauty betim'd, when the *Swain's* in the Mind,

'Tis foolish to die an old Maid, my dear Girl,

'Tis foolish to die an old Maid.

SONG 130. *Yes I'm in Love, &c.*

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
And *Cælia* has undone me ;

And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
The pleasing Plague stole on me.

'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
For there no Graces revel ;
'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that,
There's nothing more than common ,
And all her Sense is only Chat,
Like any other Woman.

Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm,
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'tis that provoking Charm.
Of Cælia all together,

SONG 131. *English Roast Beef, &c.*

W^{hen} mighty Roast Beef was the *Englishman's*
Food,

It enobled our Veins and enriched our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were
good

*Ob the Roast Beef of Old England !
And Old English Roast Beef.*

But since we have learn'd from all conquering *France*
To eat their Ragoutes as well as to dance
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance.
Ob the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open'House with good Chear all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this
Song,
Ob the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,
A sneaking poor Race, half begotten — and tame,
Why sully those Honours that once shone in Fame,
Ob the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee, or Tea, or such Slip Slops were known,
 The World was in Terror if e'er she did frown,

Ob the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did perfume on the Main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again ;
 As Witness the vaunting *Armada* of Spain.

Ob the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
 right !

But now we're a——I cō'd——but good Night.

Ob the Roast Beef, &c.

SONG 132. To the Tune of, Eng- lish *Roast Beef*.

W^{hen} humming brown Beer was the *Englisch-*
man's Taste,

Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters were
 chaste ;

Their Breath smelt like Roses whenever embrac'd

Ob the brown Beer of Old England !

And Old English brown Beer.

E'er Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,
 Our Ancestors they by their Fires sat down,
 Their Bread it was white, and their Beer it was
 brown.

Ob the brown Beer, &c.

Our Heroes of old, of whose Conquests we boast,
 Cō'd make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toast,
 Oh did we so now, we should soon rule the Roast

Ob the brown Beer, &c.

When the great *Spanish* Fleet on the Coast did
 appear,

Our Sailors each one drank a Jorum of Beer,
 And sent them away with a Flea in their Ear.

Ob the brown Beer, &c.

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,
 E're they mounted the Rostrum their Spirits to chear,
 Then preach'd against Vices, tho' Courtiers were
 near,

Ob the brown Beer, &c.

Their Doctrines then were authentic and bold,
 Well grounded on Scripture and Fathers of old,
 But now they preach nothing but what they are told,

Ob the brown Beer, &c.

But since the Geneva and strong Rattasea,
 They are dwindled to nothing, but stay ——— let
 me see ———

Faith, nothing at all, but meer fiddle dee dee.

Ob the brown Beer, &c.

SONG 133. *Why heaves my fond*

WHY heaves my fond Bosom, ah ! what can
 it mean ?

Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene ?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
 near ?

Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear ?

Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear ?

Wethinks I for ever with Wonder could trace,
 The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face ;
 Each Moment I view thee, more Beauties I find,
 With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 Mind,

With thy Face, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride,

There native good Humour and Virtue reside ;

Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply,

With Compassion for him who without thee must die

With Compassion, &c.



SONG 134. *Ghosts of ev'ry &c.*

Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation,
 Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,

Some with Crimes all foul and spotted,
 Some to happier Climes allotted,
 Press the Stygian Lake to pass.

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
 Prates of Wenches, Wine and Plunder ;
 Statesmen here the Time accusing ;
 Poets Sense for Rhines abusing ;
 Lawyers chatt'ring,
 Courtiers flatt'ring,
 Bullies ranting,
 Zealots canting,
 Knaves and Fools of e'ery Class.

SONG 135. *Rosy Bowers.*

(Sullenly Mad)

From rosy Bowers where sleeps the God of Love
 Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly ;
 Teach me in soft melodious Strains to move,
 With tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy ;
 Ah ! let the Soul of Music tune my Voice,
 To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.

(Mirthfully Mad)

Or if more influencing,
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a Step and a Bound,
 And a Frisk from the Ground,
 I'll trip like any Fairy,
 As once on *Ida* Dancing,
 Were three celestial Bodies ;
 With an Air and a Face,
 And a Shape and a Grace,
 I'll charm like Beauty's Goddess.

(Melancholly Mad)

Ah ! ah ! 'tis all in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain :
 Cold, cold Despair, disguis'd like Snow and Rain,

Falls on my Breast ; bleak Winds in Tempests
blow :

My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow :
My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,
And to a Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

(Fantastically Mad)

Or say ye Powers to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, or drown,
Among the foaming Billows ?
Increasing all with Tears I shed.
On Beds of Ooze, and crystal Pillows,
Lay down my Love sick Head.

(Stark Mad)

No, no, no, no I'll straight run mad,
That soon my Heart will warm ;
When once the Sense is fled,
Love has no Power to charm,
Wild through the Woods I'll fly,
Robes, Locks shall thus be torn :
A thousand Deaths I'll die,
E'en thus in vain adore.

SONG 136. *While Strephon, &c.*

WHILE *Strephon* on fair *Chloe* hung,
And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung ;
The Nymph, in a disdainful Air,
Thus Smiling mock'd the Shepherd's Care.

Swain, I know that you discover,
In my form a thousand Charms ;
Can you point me out a Lover,
Worthy my encircling Arms.

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
Till you equal Merit boast ;
To adore me is a Duty,
Thousands witness to their Cost:

Stung to the Heart, the redd'ning Swain,
To the vain Maid retorts again.

Foolish Creature, did each Feature
 Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature ;
 Artful feigning, coy dildanning,
 Vain Coquet, destroys them all ;
 Go o'erbearing, proud, insu'ring,
 Lay a thousand Fops despairing ;
 Then complying, sighing, dying,
 To some Fool a Victim fall.

Nymphs, like you, while they're deceiving,
 Angels all in Front appear ;
 But the Sot their Arts believing,
 But the Sot their Arts believing,
 Finds the Devil in the Rear.

SONG 137. *The Northern Lass.*

COME take your Glass, the Northern Lass
 So prettily advis'd,

I drank her Health and really was

Agreeably surpris'd,

Her shape so neat, her Voice so sweet,

Her Air and Mien so free,

The Syren charm'd me from my Meat,

But take your Drink, said she,

If from the North such Beauty comes,

How is it that I feel

Within my Breast that glowing Flame,

No Tongue can e'er reveal ;

'Tho' cold and raw the North Wind blows,

All Summer's on her Breast,

Her Skin was like the driven Snow,

But Sun shine all the rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,

'Tho' frozen now it seems ;

That Joy with Pain be equal felt,

And ballanc'd in Extreams ;

Then like our genial Wine shall charm,

With Love my panting Breast ;

Me like Sun her Heart shall warm,

Be Ice to all the rest,

SONG 138. *Come ever smiling, &c.*

COME, ever smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
 Come, ever smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train.
 Come, ever smiling, smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train, thy jocund
 Train,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train.
 For thee we pant and sigh,
 For thee, &c.
 With whom eternal Pleasures reign.

Come ever smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
 Come, ever smiling Liberty,
 Come, ever smiling Liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,
 Thy jocund Train,
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train.

SONG 139. *From scourging, &c.*

FROM scourging *Rebellion* and baffling proud
France,
 Crown'd with Laurels behold *British William* ad-
 vance:
 His Triumph to grace, and distinguish the Day.
 The Sun brighter shines, and all Nature looks gay.
 Your Glasses charge high;
 'Tis in *brave William's* Praise,
 To his *Glory* your *Voices* and *Instruments* raise.
 While lost in soft Pleasure we courted Repose,
 Our Hero flew forth, tho' the Streams round him
 froze:
 To guard us from *Tyrants*, each Danger defy'd,
 And wou'd conquer or die by fair *Liberty's* side.
 Your Glasses, &c.

Peace comes in his Train, fairest Off springs of Sky,
Ev'ry Bliss in her Smile, ev'ry Charm in her Eye :
While that Foe to Man, that worst Fiend Civil War,
Is gnawing her Teeth, and fast bound to his Car.

Your Glasses, &c.

How hateful the *Monarch*, who lur'd by false Fame,
To satiate his Pride, sets the World in a Flame !
How glorious the *King*, whose intelligent Mind !
Makes Grandeur consist in protecting Mankind.

Your Glasses, &c.

Ye *Warriors* on whom we just Honour bestow,
O think on the Source whence our Evils do flow:
Commanded by *William* attack next the *Gaul*,
And bind those in Chains, who wou'd *Britons* en-
thrall. *Your Glasses, &c.*

Your Glasses, &c.

SONG 140. *As Chloe on Flowers,*

A S *Chloe* on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream,
She sigh'd to the Breeze, and made *Collin* her
Theme : (Breeze,
Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling there
And the Flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease.
And the Flowers, &c.

The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,
It kiss'd the sweet Barks, but no longer would stay
Tho' beautiful constant, and faithful tho' fair,
Ah! *Collin* look in, and behold thyself there,
An! *Collin* look in, &c.

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest, and dark n'd the Day,
As soft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,
Such *Collin* when angry, and *Collin* when kind,
Such *Collin* when, &c.

The Flowers when gather'd so beauteous and sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom, and die at her Feet ;
As fair in their Bloom, and as foul in Decay,
Such *Collin* when present, and *Collin* away.
Such *Collin* when, &c.

In Rage and Despair from the Ground she arose,
 And from her the Flowers so faded she throws ;
 She weeps in the Stream, and she sighs to the Wind,
 And resolves to drive *Collin* quite out of her Mind,
 And resolves, &c.

But what her resolves, when her *Collin* appear'd,
 The Stream it stood still, and no Tempest was heard,
 The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true,
 She found he &c.

SONG 141. *Ask thou silly dotard,*

ASK, thou silly dotard Man.
 Whence our Ruin first began,
 How our Grief and deadly Woe
 Did from *Woman, Woman* flow.

We might live and happy be,
 Could we shun this Enemy ;
 All the Pangs the Heart e'er knew
 From vain *Woman, Woman*, grew.

Ask what calm Felicity
 Man enjoy'd, how blest was he :
 Nought could his Repose invade,
 Till false *Woman*, she was made.

Soon as she receiv'd her Breath,
 Man was subject unto Death :
 Others Evils, to their Shame,
 From deceitful *Woman* came,

Ask what Ills befel old *Troy*,
 Which false *Helen* did destroy,
 Of the tender Bridegrooms, who,
 Were by *Woman, Woman* slew.

How the brave *Mark Anthony*,
 Lost the World by faithless She ;
 Ruin'd States, lost Crowns and Kings,
 From vain *Woman, Woman*, springs.

SONG 142. *To heal the Smart, &c.*

TO heal the Smart a Bee had made,
 Upon my Chloe's Face,
 Honey upon her Cheeks she laid,
 And bid me kiss the Place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound,
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart :
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The String within my Heart.

SONG 143. *The Flower of Edinburgh.*

MY Love was once a bonny Lad,
 He was the Flower of all his Kin,
 The Absence of his pretty Face,
 My tender Heart has rent in twain :
 I Day nor Night find no Delight,
 In silent Tears I still complain,
 And exclaim against those, my cruel Foes,
 That have taken from me my darling Swain.

Despairing Anguish fills my Breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming Rose,
 I sigh and mourn while others rest,
 His Absence hinders all repose :
 To find my Love, I'll range and rove
 Thro' every pleasant Grove and Plain,
 Thus I never will cease, but in quest spend my Days,
 Untill I find my darling Swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
 Since Parent's shew such Cruelty ;
 Therefore from me my Dear does range,
 He knows not to what Destiny ;
 The pretty Kids and tender Lambs,
 Now cease to sport on the fair Plain,
 But do mourn and lament, in deep Discontent
 The Absence of my darling Swain.

Kind *Neptune*, let me thee intreat
 To send a fair and pleasant Gale ;

Ye *Dolphins* neat, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your Tail.
 Heavens bless my Voyage with Success,
 Whilst sailing on the raging Main,
 And waft me o'er to that same Shore,
 To see my lovely darling Swain,

All Joy and Mirth at our Return,
 Shall then abound from *Tee'd* to *Tay* :
 The Bells shall ring, while Birds do sing,
 To crown our happy nuptial Day :
 Thus bless'd with Charms, in my Love's Arms,
 Once more my Heart will him attain,
 I'll range no more to a foreign Shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling Swain.

SONG 144. *A Courting I went,*

A Courting I went to my Love,
 Who is sweeter than *Roses* in May ;
 And when I came to her by *Jove*,
 The Devil a Word could I say.

I walk'd with her into the Garden,
 There fully intended to woo her ;
 But, may I be ne'er worth a Farthing,
 If of Love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her Hand close to my Breast,
 While my Heart was as light as a Feather ;
 Yet nothing I said I protest,
 But, — Madam, 'tis very fine Weather,

To an Ardour I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her ;
 I crept to the furthest End,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which Way was the Wind,
 For I thought in some Talk we must enter ;
 Why, Sir ! she answer'd, and grinn'd,
 Have you just sent your Wits for a Venture ?

Then into the Parlour we went,
 There I vou'd I my Passion would try,
 But there I was still as a Mouse,
 Oh ! what a dull Booby was I ?

SONG 145. *The Fields and, &c.*

THE Fields and the Groves in fresh Verdure
 shone gay,
 And *Philomel* chaunted her Love labour'd Song ;
 When the Nymphs and the Swains in their brightest
 Array,
 To chuse a May Lady, mov'd sportive along.
 Each Youth burnt with Ardour his Nymph to
 create. (her fond Mate,
 Each Nymph, with soft Glances, fast caught
 And each one impatiently waited her Fate.

But when *Amaryllis* among them appear'd,
 Like Beauty's fair Goddess, attended by Love ;
 With Graces attractive each Heart she endear'd,
 Surpassing bright *Juno*, the Consort of *Jove*.
 The Shepherds admiring, glad Homage do pay,
 The Nymphs with their Garlands no longer delay,
 To crown Beauty's Paragon Queen of May.

SONG 146. *At the silent Ev'ning.*

AT the silent Ev'ning Hour,
 Two fond Lovers in a Bower,
 Sought, sought their mutual Bliss ;
 Tho' her Heart was just relenting,
 Tho' her Eyes seem'd just consenting,
 Yet, yet, she fear'd to kiss.

Since this secret Shade, he cry'd,
 Will those rosy Blushes hide,
 Why, why will you resist ;
 When no tell tale Spy is near us,
 Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,
 Who, who would not be kist.

Cælia, hearing what he said,
Gently lifted up her Head,
Her Breast soft Wishes fill ;
If, faith she, no Spy is near us,
Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,
Kiss, kiss me if you will.

SONG 147. *When Britain first, &c.*

WHen Britain first by Heaven's Command,
Arose from out the azure Main ;
This was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
And Guardian Angels sung the Strain,
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
For Britons never will be Slaves.

The Nations not so blest'd as thee,
Must in their Turn to Tyrants fall ;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The Dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign Stroke ;
As the loud Blast that tears, that tears the Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their Attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse, arouse thy generous Flame,
And work their Woe, and thy Renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine ;
All thine shall be, shall be the subject Main,
And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy Coasts repair ;

Bless'd Isle, with Beauty, with matchless Beauty
crown'd.

And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

SONG 148. *The Morning, &c.*

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,

Now gilds the smiling Day ;

The Morning fresh, the Sun in East,

Now gilds the smiling Day ;

The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,

The Fields all round are gayly dress'd,

Arise my Love, and play ;

Arise my Love, and play.

Come forth my Fair, come forth bright Maid,

And bless thy Shepherd's Sight ;

Come, &c.

Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,

Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,

And give them sweet Delight,

And give them sweet Delight, &c.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,

Those Smiles your Charms improve ;

Thy Presence, &c.

Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,

And, as invite, reward their Toil,

And tune their Notes to Love, &c.

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,

The Flowery Wreaths I'll twine,

Beneath the, &c.

E're other Eyes their Beauties see,

They on thy Brows adorn'd shall be ;

The happy Task be mine, be mine, &c.

SONG 149. *From sweet bewitching*

FROM sweet bewitching Tricks of Love,

Young Men your Hearts secure ;

K.

Left from the Paths of Sense you rove,
In Dotage premature,

In Dotage premature.

Look at each Lass thro' Wisdom's Glass,
Don't trust the naked Eye ;
Gallants beware, look sharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

The blind eat many, &c.

Not only on their Hands and Necks,
The borrow'd White you'll find ;
Some Belles, when Interest directs,
Can even paint the Mind.

Can even, &c.

Joy in Distress they can express,
Their very Looks can lye.

Gallants beware, &c.

Their's not a Spinister in the Realm,
But all Mankind can cheat,
Down to the Cottage from the Helm,
The Learn'd, the Brave, and Great.

The Learn'd, &c.

With lovely Looks, and golden Hooks,
T'entangle us they try.

Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made ;
Was every single Stick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade.

To write the Tricks of half the Sex,
Would drain that Ocean dry.

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
The Blind eat many a Fly, the Blind eat many a
Fly.

SONG 150. *Behold the sweet, &c.*

BEhold the sweet Flowers around,
With all the bright Beauties they wear,
With all the bright Beauties they wear,
Yet none on the Plains can be found,

So lovely, so lovely, as *Cælia* is fair,
 So lovely, as *Cælia* is fair.

Ye Warblers come raise your sweet Throats,
 No longer in Silence remain,

No longer, &c.

O lend a fond Lover your Notes,

To soften, to soften my *Cælia*'s Disdain,

To soften, to soften my *Cælia*'s Disdain.

O'times in yon flow'ry Vale,

I breathe my Complaints in a Song,

I breathe, &c.

Fair *Flora* attends the sad Tale,

And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along

And sweetens the Borders along.

But *Cælia* whose Breath might perfume,

The Bosom of *Flora* in May,

The Bosom, &c.

Still frowning pronounces my Doom,

Regardless, regardless of all I can say,

Regardless of all I can say.

SONG 151. *How blest were, &c.*

HOW blest were Mortals, would they know,

The Favours which the Gods bestow,

The Favours, &c.

But partial Passion steps between,

And quite confounds the charming Scene ;

Wishing, whining, still repining,

Wishing, whining, &c.

Every Wretch creates his Pains,

Then of Heaven and Fate complains.

Vain are Riches, vain is Glory,

Nature spreads her Gifts before ye,

Nature spreads, &c.

Kind Heaven enough to all hath lent,

Then take your Share and be content,

Joy and Pleasure without Measure,

Joy and, &c.

For your kind Acceptance wait,
Then seize your Bliss, and smile at Fate.

SONG 152. *I seek not at once, &c.*

I Seek not at once in a Female to find,
The Form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind ;
Let the Girl that I love have but prudence in View,
That tho' she deceive, I may still think her True.
Be her Person not beautiful, but pleasing and clean,
Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mien ;
By Folly, I'll Nature, nor Vanity led,
Nor indebted to Paint, nor indebted to Paint, for
white or for red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of
the Sex.

Be employ'd to Delight, and not to Perplex ;
Let her not be too bold, nor yet frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest.
May her Humour the taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly Wise, nor too pert with her Wit :
Go find out the fair One that's form'd on my Plain,
And I'll love her for ever, — I mean if I can.

SONG 153. *The well advis'd Lover.*

A H *Strepson* ! cease, nor hope to move,
The Courts of Heav'n with thy Complaint ;
Ask not a fruitfulness Boon with *Jove*,
With all his Might wants Pow'r to grant.

In vain, alas ! is other Aid,
To cease the Torments you endure ;
The Wounds Almighty Love has made,
Almighty Love alone can Cure.

Fly swiftly then to *Cælia's* Eyes,
'Tis *Cælia* can apply the Balm,
Will bid your eager Transports rise,
And all your idle Fears be Calm.

Still, *Strepson*, Love with Patience burn,
And of your pleasing Chains be proud ;

If she, kind Maid, afford Return,

She, she's your Heav'n, and you're a God.

SONG 154. *The imploring Lover.*

FEntly hear me charming Fair,
Ever kind, and ever dear ;

All my dying Pains remove,

Chee, smile, and say you love :

On your Bosom let me lay,

Sigh, and gaze my Soul away,

On your Bosom, &c.

Bilmy Kisses, pow'ful Joys,
Such as Death, nor Time destroys,

Oh ! my dearest fair One give,

So I ever blest shall live ;

More than Gods in Heav'n can be,

Thou alone art Heav'n to me.

More than Gods, &c.

SONG 155. *The generous Lover.*

False tho' she be to me and Love,

I'll ne'er pursue Revenge,

For still the Charmer I approve,

Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft' have met,

They could not always last.

And tho' the Present I regret,

I'm grateful for the Past,

SONG 156. *How few among, &c.*

HOW few among the Thousand Pairs,

By Wedlock doom'd to certain Cares,

Are fit the Yoke to bear,

Are fit the Yoke to bear,

The Husband claims his Sovereign Right,

The Wife runs counter out of Spight,

And does her Vows forswear,

And does her Vows forswear,

But some there are, whom mutual Love,
 Does prompt with free Consent to move,
 Submissive to their Fate,
 Submissive to their Fate,
 Thrice happy is that prudent He,
 Thrice happy is that prudent She,
 Bless'd with so kind a Mate.
 Bless'd with so kind a Mate,

Should I and *Cælia* ever join,
 I would be her's and she'd be mine ;
 For we two would be One,
 For we two would be One.
 Complying with each other's Will,
 Of gen'rous Love would take our Fill,
 Our Joys should ne'er be done,
 Our Joys should ne'er be done.

SONG 157. *Fill me a Bowl, &c.*

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul ;
 Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul ;
 Vast as my Thirst is,
 Let it have Depth enough to be my Grave ;
 I mean the Grave of all my Care,
 For I design to bury't there ;
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
 As that bright Cup, as that bright Cup,
 Amongst the Stars,
 Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
 Large as my capacious Soul.

SONG 158. *The too curious Bee.*

AS *Cælia* in her Garden stray'd,
 Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,

A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting Bloom;
But, with a thousand Sweets in View,
It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd,
The Darling little Thing,
But first the snowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting surprize,
Once be injurious found,
Not so the Darts of *Callia's* Eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh wou'd the short liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endless Love!

SONG 159 *The timorous Lover.*

THe Lustre of thy charming Eyes,
Where nimble Lightning plays;
With equal Pleasure and Surprize,
I giddily Survey:
But still I view thy Charms in vain,
They cause, but cannot ease my Pain.
For should I with such Beauty dare
Attempt to quench my Fire,
Within thy Arms, immortal Fair!
I must at once Expire.
Still then I view thy Charms in vain,
They cause, but cannot ease my Pain.

SONG 160 *The Address.*

'TWixt pleasing Hope and painful Fear,
True Love divided lies,
With artless Look and soul sincere,
Above all mean Disguise:

For *Cælia* thus my Heart is mov'd,
 Accept it lovely Fair,
 I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,
 But let me not Despair,
But let me not Despair.

My Fate before your Feet I lay,
 Sentence your willing Slave!
 Remember, tho' that Tyrants slay,
 And heavenly Powers save:
 To bless is Heaven's peculiar Grace,
 Let me a blessing find,
 And since you wear an Angel's Face,
 O show an Angel's Mind!
O show an Angel's Mind!

SONG 161, *Love's Extacy.*

A H how sweet to see the Eyes,
 Rolling in their humid Fires!
 When the Nymph extended lies,
 Full of Love and warm Desires!
 Conscious Red her Face o'er-spreading,
 And her heaving Bosom rising,
 Milky Paths to Rapture leading,
 Murmuring Sighs, her Joys disguising.
 Happy Lovers only know
 The Bliss that from contenting Lovers flow.

SONG 162. *No Glory I covet, &c.*

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a Mind independant and free,

Whith Passion unruffled untainted with Pride,
 By Reason my Life let me square;
 The Wants of my Nature are chiefly supply'd
 And the rest are but Folly and Care.

The Blessings, which Providence freely has let
 I'll justly and gratefully prize:

While sweet Meditation and chearful Content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures the great Man's Possessions display,
Uneasy'd I'll challenge my Part ;
For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can survey,
Contribute to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,
The many their Labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG 163. *Of good English Beer,*

OF good English Beer our Songs let's raise,
We've a Right by our Freedom and Charter
And follow our brave Forefathers Ways,
Who liv'd in the Days of King *Arthur* :
Of those gallant Days loud Fame has told,
Beer gave the stout Britons Spirit ;
In Love they spoke Truth, in War they were bold,
And flourish'd by Dint of Merit.

CHORUS

Then like them crown our Bowls,

Our plentiful brown Bowls,

And take them off clever ;

To all true English Souls,

Huzza Old England for ever,

Huzza Old England for ever ;

Old England, Old England,

Huzza Old England for ever,

The Glory in Love or War they won,

By Fighting, Retreats and Sallies,

Was from the Production of their own

Good Beer and roast Beef in their Bellies ;

All foreign Attempts they did disdain,

So fir'd with Resolutions ;

For Liberty they'd bleed ev'ry Vein,

To keep their own Constitution.

CHORUS

Then like them crown our Bowls, &c.

Like them let us fill, and drink, and sing,
 To all who our State are aiding ;
 To Commerce, that our Wealth does bring,
 And every Branch of our Trading.
 By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain,
 That makes us a powerful Nation ;
 Then let us agree, and with Vigour maintain
 Our Trade and our Navigation.

CHORUS

Then like them crown our Bowls, &c.

SONG 164. *Apollo's Council.*

CEase fond Mortals, cease to move
 With idle Pray'rs the Courts above
 The Pow'rs themselves grant
 Ev'ry Thing they know you want :
 Never wish for Time to come,
 Never dread impending doom,
 Live, live the present Hour, but know
 Length of Time is length of Woe :
 Pleasures cannot always last,
 Age comes on with trembling haste,
 And damps all the sweet Repast.

SONG 165. *The reasonable Lover.*

DEep within my burning Heart
 Love has bury'd ev'ry Dart ;
 I feel I feel the sportive Boy
 Prepare me for eternal Joy :
 Beauty's Fire,
 Fierce Desire,
 All, all alike at once Conspire :
 Never yet were Charms like thine,
 Never Love so fierce, so fierce as mine.

Nor does Beauty only warm,
 Reason holds a surer Charm ;
 Grave Discretion joins with Youth,
 Sportive Mirth with Angel Truth.

Youth when past,
 These will last,
 And defy Time's strongest Blast ;
 Let them then united move,
 Reason, Beauty, Sense and Love.

SONG 166. *The Dream.*

I Once saw Cupid in a Dream,
 His Darts were tip'd with pointed Flame ;
 You sleep he cry'd devoid of Care,
 Nor languish yet for any Fair.

Look here and love, with that he drew
 Upon the Wall, full in my View,
 A Maid with so divine a Face,
 As seem'd of more than mortal Race.

He laid the Colours with such Art,
 And gave to ev'ry moving Part
 Such just Proportion, that the Whole
 Seem'd more to have, than want a Soul.

With Arrow's Point he limn'd an Eye,
 By whose keen Rays might Thousands die ;
 No Colours could have done so well,
 Or half the Warmth or Brightness tell.

I woke, and willing to obey,
 E'er since confess fair *Chloe's* sway :
 What Heart so cold, that having felt,
 Those Flames her Eyes, as not to melt.

SONG 167. *The Lover's Advice.*

WE own *Salinda*, thou art fair,
 We own thy matchless Pow'r,
We own Salinda, &c.

Thy Wit, thy Sense, thy sprightly Air,
 Engage us ev'ry Hour,

Thy Wit, &c.

But know *Salinda*, that thy Reign,
 Depends on Man alone,

But know, &c.

And Man can break a Tyrant's Chain,
And overturn thy Throne,

And Man, &c.

If then substantial Bliss you'd prove,
And well your Hour employ,

If then, &c.

On Man bestow your envied Love,
Give, to receive the Joy,

On Man, &c

SONG 168. *Badsworth Hunt.*

YE Hunters give Ear to my Song,
Who to *Suffex* steep Hills do resort ;
I Sing of a Fox Chase so long,
I hope you'd allow it good sport :
'Twas just at the Time of the Year,
When Foxes cou'd fly and were stout,
At *Badsworth* gay Hall did appear,
Of Hunters a jovial Rout.

Says the *Master* o'er Night it is Ten,
Call * *Slinger* for I will to Bed ;
At Five I shall see you again,
Pray † *Thomas* remember your Head :
At Five then the *Master* arose,
The rest half asleep left their Beds ;
And huddled in haste on their Cloaths,
But some of them felt heavy Heads.

To Cover they walk'd a Foot's pace,
Where the Company all did appear ;
Only *Harvey* who lost all the Chase,
By twice taking leave of his Dear :
'Twas just at the rise of the Sun.
When to *Barnsdale* great Whin Bed they came ;
So famous for many a Run,
So crowded with Fox Hunters Game.

Heaux ! Truelove, says ‡ *Jarvice*, my Hound,
Hei ! Jumbler, § *Jack* quickly reply'd ;

* *Master's Man.* † *His Son.* ‡ *The Huntsman.*
§ *Whipper In.*

By Jove says *Ben Sayle* he is found,
 Hark ! *Dutcheys* that never yet ly'd :
 Halloo ! then away the Pack goes,
 Master *Wiljon* come on says *Tom Sayle* ;
Kit answers I'll gather those Sloes,
 And then comb my Nags Main and Tail,

O'er *Smeaton* wide Fallows he made,
 To *Brockendale* Earths full up Wind ;
 His Beesom he tof'd but ne'er stay'd,
 As tho' he said kiis me behind :
 O'er *Stapleton* Lees to *Wake* Wood,
 Down to *Blane* still up Wind he does fly ;
 But soon found in spight of his Blood,
 He must back again else he must die.

From *Gravewood* and shear to *Went. Hall*,
 Where a * *Huntress* ran up to the cry ;
 Her Voice was so sweet and so clear,
 It must be *Diana* or *Di* :
 From thence he try'd *Darrington* Moor,
 Over went and by *Badsworth* he goes ;
 O ! *Renny* thy Fate here deplore,
 For here lives the worst of thy Foes,

Then up to the Hollins he ran,
 Where a Plowman he met in the Face ;
 This Lucky hit let in every Man,
 Or the deel a one had seen the Chase :
 The Master came up in his Chair,
 And saw *Danger* hit of the Default ;
 He swore had *Ralph Epson* been there,
 Hey † *Danger* had quite split his Throat

Now *Rockwood* now *Delver* some cry'd.
 Now *Rival* now *Simpstresses* again ;
 Then *Hall* his Dog *Rebel* espy'd,
 And swore he led over the Plain ;
 Z——ns says *Kitchingman*, *Hall* is forsworne,

L

* Ben's Daughter. † Ralph Epson's Hound

But he'll swear a Man off his Horse ;
 See *Tapler* and Six Couple more,
 He cannot blow Wind in their A—se.

Squire Thomas came up to the Head,
 And bid D—n them all they were blind ;
 For see my Dog *Jugler* does lead
 And *Tipler* is not far behind :
 He made then for *Hample* high Wood,
 But found it too hot for his Stay ;
 * *Smith* saw him as watching he stood ,
 And bid him make best of his Way.

To *Brodsworth* he cunningly stole,
 And then shear away to the *Marr* ;
 At the Warren of *Melton* to Hole,
 But † *Darvson* had there put a barr :
 Over *Dun* then he hastens his way,
 On *Conningborough* Cliff he relays ;
 Oh *Renny* in vain is thy Play,
 Old *Mountain's* put up and thou dies.

The Boatman was luckily by,
 The Horsemen with Heart and good Will ;
 Got over and they presently spy d,
 The Hounds dancing over the Hill :
 Here *Molly* the Lead she does take,
 Oh *Roper* she so doth behave ;
Tipler's Blood thy dead Corps shou'd awake,
 And make the jump out of thy Grave,

For *Edlington* Wood then he flew,
 E're *Edlington* Wood he could reach ;
 They ran out of Scents into view,
 And *Diamond* laid hold of his Breech :
 Whoohup ! then *Dick Sunderland* crys,
Tom Atkinson stood in amaze ;
 The Company own'd with surprize,
 Such a Chase they ne'er saw in their Days.

Hence *Warnsworth* shall thy haughty Spire,
 Our Fame to Posterity bear ;
 Which *CHILDERS* and *NEWBY* admire,

* a Earth Stopper. † a Earth Stopper.

And DRAPER with Envy shall hear :
 Now to *Badsworth* roast Beef let me hie,
 Where we'll finish the Day in delight ;
 We'll Drink to Fox Hunters and die,
 And finish the Day in delight.

SONG 169. *Address to Liberty.*

Fairest Daughter of the Skies,
 Hither turn thy radiant Eyes :
 They as Lovers here shall trace,
 Every Charm, every Charm, every Charm,
 Every Charm and every Grace :
 Sons of *Wisdom*, who admire,
 Sons of *Virtue* all on Fire.

Sons of Wisdom, &c.

Hither, *Goddess*, hither turn,
Britons for thy Beauties burn ;

Hither Goddess, &c.

SONG 170. *Tho' Baucis and I, &c.*

THO' *Baucis* and *I* are both ancient and poor,
 We never yet drove the Distress'd from our
 Door ;

But still of our little, a little can spare,
 To those who, like us, Life's Infirmities bear,
 Come, come, my good Friends, let us go in to-
 gether,

A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather ;
 Our Hearts they are gentle tho' our Means are but
 small ;

You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake,
 Of a Jug of good Ale, and a good Barley Cake ;
 A good roaring Fire as high as your Nose,
 A cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose.

We know no Ambition, we have no Estate,
 No Porter to wotty the Poor from our Gate ;
 We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;
 It were not amiss if the Rich would do so,

SONG 171: *The Morning is, &c.*

THE Morning is charming, all Nature is gay,
 Away my brave Boys, to your Horses away ;
 For the Prime of our Pleasure, and questing the
 Hare,
 We have not so much as a Moment to spare.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! the lively ton'd Horn, how melodious it
 sounds, how melodious it sounds,
 To the musical Song, to the musical Song of the
 merry mouth'd Hounds.

In yon stubble Field we shall find her below ;
 Soho ! cries the Huntsman ; hark to him, Soho !
 See ! where she goes, and the Hounds have a View ;
 Such Harmony *Handell* himself never knew.

C H O R U S.

Gates, Hedges, and Ditches to us are no Bounds,
 But the World is our own while we fellow the
 Hounds.

Hold, hold, 'tis a Double ; hark, hey ! *Bowler*, hey !
 If a Thousand gainsay it, a Thousand shall ly ;
 His Beauty surpassing, his Truth has been try'd,
 At the Head of the Pack an infallible Guide.

C H O R U S.

At his Cry the wide *Welkin* with Thunder resounds.
 The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds
 O'er Highlands, and Lowlands, and Woodlands
 we fly,
 Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry ;
 So match'd in their Mouths, and so even they run,
 Like the Trine of the *Spheres*, and the Race of
 the *Sun*.

C H O R U S.

Health, Joy, and Felicity dance in the Rounds,
 And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.
 The old Hounds push forward, a very sure Sign,
 That the Hare (tho' a stout one) begins to decline ;

A Chace of two Hours or more she has led,
She's down, look about ye, they have her, she's
dead.

C H O R U S.

How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds,
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds !
Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their
Lives, (Wives ;
May they never be crost by their Sweethearts or
May they rule their own Passions, and ever at Rest,
As the most happy Men, be they also the best.

C H O R U S.

And free from the Care which the many surrounds,
Be happy at last, when they see no more Hounds.

SONG 172. *While some for, &c.*

WHile some for Pleasure waste their Health,
'Tween Play house and the Bagnio ;
I'll save myself, and without Stealth,
Kiss and caress my Nanny O ;
She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*,
Then *Leda* did, or *Danae* O ;
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None else should fit but Nanny O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny O,
My lovely charming Nanny O.
I care not though the World should know,
How dearly I love Nanny O.

So joyfully my Spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely O ;
What Joys I promise from her Eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely O !
Venus attend my Vows, while I,
Breathe in the blest *Britannia* ;
None's Happiness I shall envy,
As long as I have Nanny O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny, &c.

SONG 173. *At the Close, &c.*

AT the Close of the Day,
 When the Bean flow'r and Hay,
 Breath'd Odours in every Wind,
 Love enliven'd the Veins,
 Of the Damsels and Swains;
 Each Glance and each Action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
 Kiss'd, and sat on each Knee,
 Fond Ecstasy swam in her Eyes.
 See, thy Mother is near,
 Hark! She calls thee to hear,
 What Age and Experience advise,

Hast thou seen the blithe Dove,
 Stretch her Neck to her Love,
 All glossy with Purple and Gold?
 If a Kiss he obtain,
 She returns it again:
 What follows you need not be told.

Look ye Mother she cry'd,
 You instruct me in Pride,
 And Men by Good manners are won;
 She who trifles with all,
 Is less likely to 'all,
 Than she that but trifles with one.

Prithee, Molly, be wise,
 Left by sudden Surprise,
 Love should tingle in ev'ry Vein;
 Take a Shepherd for Life,
 And when once you're a Wife,
 You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling, reply'd,
 Then I'll soon be a Bride;
 Old Roger has Gold in his Chest,
 But I thought all your Wives,
 Chose a Man for your Lives,
 And trifled no more with the rest.

SONG 174. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

AS Setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return.

With all that can improve thee,
I'll visit oft the Birken Bush,
Where first thou kindly told me,
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
Whilst round thou didst unfold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood shade or Fountain ;
Or where the Summer day I'd share,
With thee, upon yon Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours,
A Heart which cannot wander.

SONG 175. *Bacchus one Day gaily.*

Bacchus one Day gaily finding,
On his never failing Tun,
Sneaking empty Pots deriding,
Thus address'd e'er chiding Son,
Praise the Joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrin ;
All Things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous Wine.

Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Rise to me ;
Poets wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity :
If my Influence is wanting,
Music's Charms but slowly move ;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you'd crown the lasting Pleasure,
Mortals this way bend your Eyes ;
From my ever flowing Treasure.
Charming Scenes of Bliss arise,

Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,
 Sole Dispeller of your Pain,
 Gloomy Souls from Care releasing:
 He who drinks not lives in vain.

SONG 176. *Busy, curious, thirsty,*

BUSY, curious thirsty Fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I,
 Freely welcome to my Cup,
 Coultst thou sip and sip it up:
 Make the most of Life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.
 Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their Decline.
 Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
 Tho' repeated to Threescore;
 Threescore Summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one,
 Will appear, &c.

SONG 177. *Blab not what, &c.*

Blab not what you ought to smother,
 Honour's Laws shou'd sacred be;
 Who boasts Favours from another,
 Ne'er will Favour gain with me,
 Ne'er will Favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with Indignation,
 Sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell,
 Ere I'd trust my Reputation,
 With such Fools as kiss and tell,
 With such Fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
 Never should the same reveal:
 He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,
 Cautious should his Joy conceal,
 Cautious should his Joy conceal.

Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
 Shall my Fame from Censure save;
 One where Truth and Prudence center,
 And as secret as the Grave,
 And as secret as the Grave.

SONG 178. *Strephon, why that &c.*

S *Trephon*, why that cloudy Forehead,
 Why so vainly cross'd those Arms?
 Silly Swain, thy Aspect horrid
 Rather frightens her than Charms.

Rouse each dull and drooping Spirit,
 Fling away the Myrtle Wreath;
 Bumpers large of generous Claret
 Make thee Love and Raptures breath.

Sacrifice this Juice prolific,
 To each Letter of her Name;
Bacchus deem'd it a Specific,
 Why not Mortals do the same!

See the high charg'd Goblet smiling
 Bids thee *Strephon* drink and prove;
 Wine's the Liquor most beguiling,
 Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

SONG 179. *The new blown Rose.*

SEE *Chloe*, how the new blown Rose
 Blooms like thy beautiful Face;
 Youth doth its rip'ning Charms disclose,
 And perfects ev'ry Grace.

Its Virgin Sweets perfume the Air,
 And then its Pride decays;
 So will it be with thee my Fair,
 When past thy youthful Days.

No *April* can revive thy Charms,
 No Sun can light thine Eyes;
 Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
 When Age begins to rise.
 Then, *Chloe*, let my Passion move
 Your Pity for my Pain;

Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
Love and be lov'd again.

SONG 180. *What Cato advises.*

WHAT *Cato* advises most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to
play ;
To mingle sweet Pleasure, with search after Treasure ;
Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day
And while the dull Miser esteems himself wiser,
His Bags will decrease while his Health does
decay ;
Our Souls we enlighten, our Fancies we brighten,
And pass the long Ev'ning in Pleasures away.
All chearful and hearty we set aside Party,
With some tender Fair the bright Bomper is
crown'd ;
Thus *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us.
While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd ;
See here's our Physician, we know no Ambition
But where there's good Wine and good Company
found ;
Thus happy together, in spite of all Weather,
'Tis Sunshine and Summer with us the Year round.

SONG 181. *Celebrate this Festival.*

Celebrate this Festival,
'Tis sacred, bid the Trumpets call :
Kindly treat *Maria's* Day,
And your Homage 'twill repay ;
Breatheathing Blessings on our Isle,
The tedious Minutes to deguile.
Till Conquest to *Miria's* Arms restore
Peace and her Heroe, to depart no more.

SONG 182. *Fly Care to the Winds.*

FLY, Care to the Winds thus I blow thee away.
I'll drown thee in Wine if you dare but to
stay,

With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raise,
 I'll laugh, and I'll sing, all the rest of my Days.
 Great *Bacchus* this Moment adopts me his Son,
 And brightens my Fancy with Transports unknown
 The sparkling Liquor new Vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wise
 Then dull sober Mortals, be happy with me,
 Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree.
 Will open your Eyes to see *Phillis's* Charms,
 Her Coyne's wash'd down, she will fly to your
 Arms.

SONG 183. *My Fair ye Swains,*

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray :
 The little wanderer lost her Way,
 In gath'ring Flowers the other Day ;
 Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*,
 Ah! lead her Home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
 And bring me safely, o'er the Plains,
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind,
 And if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain Marks to find,
 My *Phillis*, &c.

When e'er a charming Form you see,
 Serenly grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she,
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
 But under Cover slightly press'd,
 In secret plays the little Breast,
 Of *Phillis*, &c.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Ah ! seize her, and bring home my Dear,
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person, void of Art,
Has every grace in every Part.

With murdering Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
Is *Phillis*, &c.

Whose teeth are like an Ivory Row,
Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,

Whose Face, like—Nothing that I know.
Is *Phillis*, &c.

But rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate,
The Gods, who form'd a Piece so neat,
So just, exact, and so compleat,
As *Phillis*, &c.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flower,
Which so exemplifies their Power,
Will guard, in every dang'rous Hour,
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

SONG 184. *Of a noble Race was* *Shinkin.*

Hear all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will raise your Wonder,
How Cairiff vile,
By basest Wile,
A hardy Knight did plunder.

How from this *Pritish* Worthy
This Knave a Pox light on hur!
Did once purloin
The only Sign
And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh ! had you seen our Heroe !
No Knight could e'er look bigger,
Unless his Size
My Song belies,
Than *M——n* of *Tredegar*.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
A Star shone on his Breast, Sir :

With smart Toupee,
Fort bien poudre,
 And Cockade on his Crest, Sir:
 This Ribbon held a Bauble,
 Which his kind Stars decreed him;
 With which he'd play,
 Both Night and Day.
 'Twould do you good to see him.
 Tho' I a Bauble call it,
 It must not thus be slighted;
 'Twas one of the Toys
 Bob gave to his Boys,
 When first the Chits were knighted.
 Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,
 You ne'er saw such a gay Thing;
 But *English* Rogue,
 Confound the Dog,
 Did rob her of her Play thing.
 Rouze up ye brave Knights Errant,
 Ne'er give this Caitiff Quarter,
 Ye Knights of the *Toast*,
 Or Knights of the Post,
 Or *Thistle*, *Bath*, or *Garter*.
 Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story;
 On how slight Strings
 Depend those things,
 Whereon ye hang your Glory.

SONG 185. *Ye Shepherds, &c.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the gay
 Plains, (Strains;
 Approach from your Sports, and attend to my
 Amongst all your Number *Lov'r* so true.
 Was ne'er so undone with such Bliss in his View.
 Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 M

She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly, and mildly resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies,
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
Sighs ;

A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with Hope and yet bids me despair,
I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears ;
Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears ;
When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bless her in Spite of my Grief.

By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair ;
The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so,
And only, when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she could love whom she cannot admire ;
Hush all thy Complaining, and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heaven, and thyself to the Grave

SONG 186. *The Man that is drunk.*

THE Man that is drunk is void of all Care ;
He needs neither Parthian Quiver, nor Spear ;
The *Moor's* poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield ;
His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors ;
He revels at Night, is afraid of no Evil,
And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

As late I came home with Skin full of Wine,
Encumbered neither with Care nor with Coin,
I boldly encountred a horrible Dun ;
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No Monster cou'd put you to half so much Fear,
Should he in *Apulia's* Forest appear ;
In *Africa's* Desert there never was seen
A Monster so hated by Gods and by Men.

Oh I place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
Where never a Plant will grow but the Vine ;
O'er hot burning Sands I'll sweeter and sweat,
With nought but my Bottle to keep out the Heat.

Or place me where Sunshine is not to be found,
Where the Earth by the Frost is eternally bound ;
No Fuel to warm me I e're would require,
My Bottle alone should keep me with Fire.

My Tutor may jobe me, and lay me down Rules ;
Who minds 'em but dull philosophical Fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis Time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought *Aristotle* an Ass for his Pains ;
His Sorrow he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the World was his own,
This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord ;
My Life is the Reck'ning which freely I'll pay,
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away,

SONG 187. *While Phillis is, &c.*

WHILE Phillis is drinking, Love and Wine in
Alliance,
With Forces united, bid resitless Defiance,
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her drinking, redouble, redouble
their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their
Colour.
As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour ;
His Dart dipp'd in Wine, Love wounds beyond
Curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes
the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of-Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliv'ned by Love and Desiring ;

Relieving each other the Pleasure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet ever, are ever a tasting
 Then Phillis begin, let our Raptures abound,
 And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
 Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the Bottle
 to Love.

SONG 188. *Who to win, &c.*

WHO to win a Woman's Favour,
 Would solicit long in vain;
 Who to gain a Moment's Pleasure,
 Wou'd endure an Age of Pain:
 Idly toying,
 Ne'er enjoying,
 Pleas'd with suing,
 Fond of Ruin,
 Made the Martyr of Di'dain,
 Made the Martyr of Dildain,
 Give me, Love the beauteous Rover,
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,
 Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying,
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her Snowy Arms.

SONG 189. *Hark! Hark, the, &c.*

HARK! Hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,
 A Call to Music chides the Drone;
 Ton, ton, &c.
 The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,
 The Woods eccho the sprightly;
 Ton, ton, &c.
 The loud tongu'd Cry, the Concert fill,
 Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn;
 Ton, ton, &c.

We mount and now we climb the Hill,
Then swift descending sweep the Lawn.

Ton, ton, &c.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,
Our Accents fatal to him alone :

Ton ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and, wing'd with Fears,
Forsakes the Thicket seeks the Down

Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests, tho' her own ;

Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to Venus let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son.

Ton, ton, &c.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads,
Thro' darkness Grots with Moiss o'er grown ?

Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus Dove like moan ?

Ton, ton, &c.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with Pleasure when Night's come ;

Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Heart content,
With Wine regaling, Cares we drown.

Ton, ton, &c.

SONG 190. *Crowds of Coxcombs.*

Crowds of Coxcombs, that deluding,
Cringing, chatt'ring,

Ogling, flatt'ring,

By Coquetting, and by Pruding,

All are Victims to my Art.

While at Will the Fools I'm leading,

They for Favours interceding,

With vain Hopes and Fancies feeding,

Still untouch'd I keep my Heart,

Still, &c.

Each imagines he shall gain me,
 Thinks I prize him,
 Who despise him ;
 All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me
 Born to baffle all Mankind.
 Like the Winds and Waves still changing,
 Never constant ever ranging,
 Cupid from my Heart estranging,
 That's as cold as he is blind.
 That's, &c.

SONG 191. *View my Eyes my, &c.*

View my Eyes my lovely Charmer,
 Constancy has now the Day ;
 Tell me not my Heart was warmer,
 When it us'd to go astray,
 Love in Youth does fiercely blaze,
 But so strong it never stays.
 Love in Youth, &c.

If I follow'd every Creature,
 Sure the Fault may be forgiven,
 'Tis the Frailty of our Nature,
 Who can change the Will of Heaven ;
 Tho' the Object might be new,
 Yet to Love I still was true.
 Tho' the Object, &c.

Cupid, Guardian of my Heart, —
 Let it loose to range a while ;
 In each Eye it found a Dart,
 And engag'd by every Smile,
 Thus it was for you design'd.
 Form'd by Practice to his Mind,
 Thus it was, &c.

Cupid to me ever Kind,
 Kept the purest of the Fire ;
 Dross consum'd my Heart refin'd,
 Made it Flame with soft Desire.
 Such a Flame as will be true,
 Such the God reserv'd for you,
 Such a Flame, &c.

SONG 192. *Tis Liberty, dear, &c.*

TIS Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
 That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun,
 That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun ;
 'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone.
 That bids all Nature look more gay,
 And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away,
 And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away,
 'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
 Dear Liberty alone,
 That bids all Nature look more gay,
 And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away,
 And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away,
 And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.

SONG 193. *Two Gods of, &c.*

TWO Gods of great Honour, *Bacchus* and *Apollo*
 The one fam'd in Musick, the other in Wine,
 In Heaven were raving, disputing and braving.
 Whose Theme was the noblest and Trade most
 divine ; (rack us,
 Your Musick, says *Bacchus*, would stun us, and
 Did Claret not soften the Discord you make,
 Songs are not inviting nor Verses delighting,
 Till Poets of my great influence partake,
 I'm young plump and jolly, free from Melancholy,
 Who ever grew fat by the Sound of a String ?
 Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often contribute,
 To purchase a Bottle before they do swing :
 In Love I am noted, by old and young courted,
 A Girl, when inspir'd by me is soon won,
 So great are the Motions of one of my Potions,
 The Muses tho' Maids, I could whore every one.

When Mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or inbedded,
 To me, as a Father for Succour they cry ;
 In their sad Condition, I hear their Petition,
 A Bottle revives the oppress'd Votary.

Then leave off your Tooting your Fibling, and
Fluting,

Afide lay your Harp and bow down to the Flask
My Joys they are riper, than Songs from a Piper.
What Musick is sweeter than sounding a Cask.

Says *Phaëbus* this Fellow is drunk sure or Mellow,
To prize Musick less than Wine and October.

Since those who love Drinking are void of all
Thinking, (sober,

And want so much Sense as to keep them selves
Thus while they were wrangling disputing and
jangling.

Came buxom bright *Venus* to end the Dispute :
Says she now to ease ye, *Mars* best of all pleas'd me
When arm'd with a Bottle and charm'd with a
Flute.

Your Musick has charm'd me, your Wine has
alarm'd me,

When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won ;
When both have been moving, I could not help
loving,

And Wine has complected what Musick begun,
The Gods struck with Wonder, declar'd by *Jove's*
Thunder

They'd mutually join in supplying Loves Flame,
So each in their Function, moved on in Conjunction,
To melt with soft Pleasure the amorous Dame,

SONG 194. *Young Sylvia ever, &c.*

Young *Sylvia* ever gay and fair,
Known for her Wit and well bred Air,

A Visit one Day made,

A Visit one Day made ;

Where *Simon*, with an awkward Mein,

Unluckily for him came in,

His Folly to betray,

His Folly to betray,

He baw'd and scrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,
But wou'd all round salute the Fair,

Not only those he knew,

Not only, &c.

He visited the shining Bell
The Visiter, ah ! Shame to tell,
The Blockhead kiss'd her too,

The Blockhead, &c.

And what was worse, or was as bad,
The rest by his Example led,
Repeated his Affront,

Repeated, &c.

The Lass did her Resentment shew,
She snap'd her Fan, she bent her Brow ;
Such Rudeness ! she upon't,

Such Rudeness, &c.

Fair one, while thus your Anger burns,
If *Simon* to the Place returns,
As soon no doubt he will,

As soon, &c.

Be there with twenty Virgins more,
For Kisses three inflict threescore.

You can't use him too ill,

You can't, &c.

Do at the self same Time and Place,
That all may witness his Disgrace,
Repeat the Punishment,
Repeat the Punishment.

With throbbing Heart the guilty Clown
Shall your impartial Justice own,
And—sit him down content,
And—sit him down content.

SONG 195. *Soft Invader of my, &c.*

Soft Invader of my Soul,
Love who can thy Pow'r controul ?
All that haunts Earth, Air, and Sea,
Own thy Force, and bow to thee,

All the dear enchanting Day,
Cælia steals my Heart away ;
 All the tedious live long Night,
Cælia swims before my Sight.
 Happy, happy were the Swain,
 Who might such a Prize obtain ;
 Other Joys he need not prove,
 Blest enough in *Cælia's* Love.

All that temptingly beguiles,
 Sparkling Eyes and dimpling Smiles ;
 Every Charm, and every Grace,
 Dwells on charming *Cælia's* Face,
 Open gen'rous, free from Art,
 Virtue lives within her Heart ;
 Modesty and Truth combin'd,
 Suit her Person to her Mind.
 Happy, happy were the Swain,
 Who might such a Prize obtain ;
 Other Joys he need not prove,
 Blest enough in *Cælia's* Love.

SONG 196. *Dainty Davy.*

BY Drinking drive dull Care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary

In your Tempers but be gay,
 Let Mirth know no Cessation,
 We all were born (Mankind agree)
 From dull Reflection to be free,
 But he that drinks not cannot be :
 Then Answer your Creation,

When *Cupid* wounds, grave *Hymen* heals
 Then all our whining,
 Wishing striving,

To embrace what Beauty yields,
 Is lost when in possession,
 But *Bacchus* sends such Treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its Worth.
 We always wish'd for't from our Birth,
 And shall for ever wish on.

All Malice here is flung aside,
 Each takes his Glass,
 No Healths do pass,
 Nor Party Feuds here e'er abide,
 They nought but ill occasion ;
 We only meet to celebrate
 The Day which brought us to this State,
 But not to curse, nor yet to hate,
 The Hour of our Creation.

SONG 197. *Let me wander, &c.*

LET me wander, not unseen,
 By Hedge-rows, Elms, or Hillocks green ;
 Where the Plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
Where the Plowman, &c.

There the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his Scythe,
 And every Shepherd tells his Tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale ;
And every Shepherd, &c.

SONG 198. *Fair is the Swan, &c.*

FAir is the Swan, the Ermin white,
 And fair the Lilly of the Vale ;
 The Moon, resplendent Queen of Night,
 And Snows that drive before the Gale ;
 In Fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my *Isabel*

Sweet is the Violet, sweet the Rose,
 And sweet the Morning Breath of May ;
 Carnations rich their Sweets disclose,
 And sweet winding Woodbines stray ;
 In Sweetness these the rest excel,
 But sweeter is my *Isabel*.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,
 And amorous they the Sparrow call ;

Fond is Sky-Lark of his Love,
 And fond the feather'd Lovers all :
 In Fondness these the rest excel,
 But fonder I of *Isabel*.

SONG 199. *Lying is an Occupation,*

Lying is an Occupation,
 Us'd by all who mean to rise ;
 Politicians owe their Station,
 But to well concerted Lyes.

Those to Lovers give Assistance,
 To ensnare the Fair-one's Heart ;
 And the Virgin's best Resistance,
 Yields to his commanding Art.

Study this superior Science,
 Would you rise in Church or State ;
 Bid to Truth a bold Disfiance,
 'Tis the Practice of the Great.

SONG 200. *DAMON A Cantata.*

RECITATIVO

Beneath some spreading Breech I'll lull my Cares
 Sigh to the Wind, and wet the Earth with
 Tears ;

No more my Pipe shall rend the verdant Plains,
 Nor lofty Hills resound the mirthful Strains ;
 Stretch'd on the dewy Earth secure I'll lay,
 And mourn with *Philomela* on the Sprey.

SONG.

Why did I gaze with tender Joy,
 Upon the lovely Maid,
 Where rising Sweets the Eyes decoy,
 And sacred Peace invade :
 Unhappy Swain, unhappy me,
 Since *Delia's* false, ah ! cruel she,

Since Delia's false, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Hide me for ever from her Face, ye Groves,
 Where tuneful Songsters tell their little Loves.

A I R

But, oh ! what Glee would fill my Heart,
 If *Delia* once was true ;
 What Scene could e'er such Bliss impart
 Of Beauties ever new ?

Graceful Air,
 Sweet as fair,
 Blith as *May*.
 Bright as Day,
 Bright as Day.

Try the lovely Nymph to move
Cupid, gentle God of Love,

Cupid, gentle, &c.

SONG 201. *See*, *Daphne*, *see*, &c

S*ee*, *Daphne*, *see*, *Florella* cry'd,
 And learn the sad Effects of Pride,
 You shelter'd Rose how close conceal'd,
 How quickly blasted when reveal'd :
 The Sun with warm attractive Rays,
 Tempts it to wanton in the Baze ;
 A Gale succeeds from eastern Skies,
 And all its blushing Beauty dies,
 And all, &c.

So you my Fair with Charms divine,
 Will quit the Plain at Court to shine ;
 Where Fame's transporting Rays allure,
 Though here more happy, more secure,
 The Breath of some neglected Maid
 Will make you sigh you left the Shade ;
 A Breath to Beauty's Bloom unkind,
 As to the Rose the eastern Wind.
 As to, &c.

The Nymph reply'd, you first, my Swain,
 Confine your Sonnets to the Plain ;
 One envious Tongue alike disarms
 You of your Wit me of your Charms,

Unheard, what is the tuneful Shril,
 Or, if unknown, the Poet's Skill ?
 What, unadmir'd, a charming Mein,
 Or what the Rose's Blush unseen ?
 Or what, &c,

SONG 202. *The Syrens Song to*
Ulysses.

Hither, sweet *Ulysses*, haste,
 Manly Beauty : come and taste,
 What the Powers of Bliss unfold,
 Joys too mighty to be told,

Joys too mighty, &c.

Taste what Extasies they give,
 Dying Raptures, taste and live.

Taste what Extasies, &c

Lavish Nature sheds her Store,
 Thrilling Joys unselt before ;
 Sweetly languishing Desires.
 Fierce Delights, and am'rous Fires,

Fierce Delights, &c.

Sweetest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Manly Beauty, come away.

Sweetest, &c.

List not when the Froward chide,
 Sons of Pedantry and Pride ;
 Snarlers, to whose feeble Sense
April Sunshine is Offence,

April Sunshine, &c.

Envious Age alone decries
 Pleasures which from Love arise,

Envious Age, &c.

Come in Pleasures, balmy Bowl,
 Slake the Thirsting of my Soul.
 Till thy raptur'd Powers are faint,
 Joys too exquisite to paint,

Joys too exquisite, &c.

Sweetest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Manly Beauty, come away.

Sweetest, &c.

SONG 203. *To Chloe's Wit, &c.**Damon.*

TO *Chloe's* Wit and Bloom, and Youth,
 I vow'd and swore eternal Truth ;
 In flow'ry Meads to toy and sport,
 I thought the Summer's Day too short,
 I thought, &c.

But since the Nymph resign'd her Charms,
 Her Beauties wither in my Arms,
 And *Chloe*, gentle, kind and fair,
 Is just as other Women are,
 Is just &c.

Chloe.

When *Damon* gentle was and true,
 I vow'd as other Maidens do ;
 While humble at my Feet he lay,
 Too swiftly pass'd the Summer's Day,
 Too swiftly, &c.

But since I fondly said I will,
 My fickle Swain has lov'd his Fill,
 And *Damon*, once my Pride and Care,
 Is just as other Shepherds are,
 Is just, &c.

Damon.

Upon the Musick of her Tongue,
 All Day with sweet Delight I hung ;
 Again I cry'd, again that Strain,
 And kiss'd her Lips, and kiss'd again,
 And kiss'd, &c.

But now her Voice so harsh is grown,
 The Raven croaks a sweeter Tone ;
 I stop my Ears, and join the Throng
 Where *Phillis* sings a sweeter Song,
 Where *Phillis*, &c.

Chloe.

When *Damon* met me on the Plain,
 I wish'd and gaz'd, and wish'd again ;

Each Moment seem'd a tedious Day,
If gentle *Damon* was away.

If gentle, &c.

But, wiser now, no more I burn,
Or languish for my Swain's Return,
But hasten to the conscious Vale,
Where *Thirsis* tells a sweeter Tale,
Where *Thirsis*, &c.

Both.

No longer then let each upbraid
The roving Youth, or faithless Maid ;
The Swain that wanders like the Bee,
Should find the Nymph as false as he ;
Should find, &c.

The Flame neglected faint'y burns ;
The fickle God demands Returns ;
'Tis mutual Love that warms the Fire,
And fans and feeds the constant Fire,
And fans, &c.

SONG 204. *Muirland Willie.*

Harken and I will tell you how,
Young *Muirland Willie* came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
The Truth I'll tell to you.
But ay he cried, what e'er betide,
Maggy, I'll ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal dal, &c.

On his Grey Yod as he did ride,
With Dirk and Pistol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' mickle Pride,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.

Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her *Daddie's Door*,
With a fal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Daughter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din ;
What Answer gi'ye me ?

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
 With a fal, &c.

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what Town?
 I think my Doghter winna gloom
 On sic a Lad as ye
 The Woer he stepp'd up the House,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse I
 With a fal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
 'Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
 The Place they ca' it Cadenough;
 I scorn to tell a Lie:
 Besides, I ha' frae the great Laird
 A Peat Pat and Lang Kail Yard,
 With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the Town;
 I wat on him she did not gloom,
 But blink'd it bonnilie.
 The Lover he stended up in Haste,
 And gript her hard about the Waist,
 With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young and hae enough o' Gear;
 And for myself ye need nae fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.
 He took aff his Bonnet and spat out his Chew,
 He dighted his Gab, and pri'd her Mou',
 With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht, and bing'd fu law,
 She had nae Will to say him na,
 But to her Daddie she left it a'.
 As they twa cou'd agree
 The Lover he ga'e her 'tither Kiss,
 Syne ran to her Daddie to tell'd him this,
 With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad no say me na,
 But tō your sell she has 'est it a',
 As we cou'd agree between us twa :
 Say what'll ye ge'me wi' her ?
 Now, Worr, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
 Bu sic's I ha'e ve's get a Pickle,
 With a fal, &c.

A Kinsu' of Corn I'll gie to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep twa good Milk Kees :
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free ;
 Truth, I can do na mair,
 Content, quoth he, a Bargain be't,
 I'll far frae hame, make haste, let's dee't.
 With a fal &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lass ;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsome Coup e straked Hands,
 Mels John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
 With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap knots, Lug knots, a' in blue,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blink'd it bonnilie.
 Their Toys and Matches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our Lads's Een,
 With a fal, &c.

Sic Hirdum Dirdum and sic Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met,
 With a fal, &c.

SONG 205. *The Intrigue.*

HE Make haste and away mine only dear,
 I prithee make haste away

For all at the Gate your true Love he does wait,
And I prithee make no delay

She. O how shall I steal away my Love;
O how shall I steal away;
My Day is near and I dare not for fear;
Pray come then another Day

He. O this is the only Day my Life,
O this is the only Day;
I'll draw him aside while you throw the Gate
wide,
And then you may steal away.

She. Then prithee make no delay my dear,
Then prithee make no delay;
We'll leave him a Trick for I'll slip in the
nick,
And to my true Love away.

CHORUS.

O Cupid befriend a loving Pair,
O Cupid befriend us we pray;
May our Stratagem take for thine own sweet sake,
And Amen, let all true Lovers say.

SONG 206. *The Compassionate Maid*

SEE *Phyllis*, yonder Bower,
With every beautiful Flower,
And twining Green array'd;
Sweet Jonquills, Daffodillies,
Carnations, Roses, Lillies,
Invite us to the Shade;
Invite, &c.

There clasping thee my Treasure,
In Extacy 'bove measure,
I'll on your Bosom lye;
While you're with Looks expiring,
My blissful Death desiring,
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses,
 I'll crown my dying Blesses,
 Whilst you, in Pity, cry,
 My Love, I'll not be cruel,
 But in this am'rous Duel,
 We'll both together die.

SONG 207. *Tell me my Delia, &c.*

TELL me my *Delia*, tell me why,
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly ;
 What means that Frown upon thy brow,
 Have I offended, tell me how,
 What means that Frown, &c.

Some change has happen'd in thy Heart,
 Some rival there has stol'n a part ;
 Reason those fears may disapprove,
 But oh ! I fear, because I love.

SONG 208. *Save Women, &c.*

SAVE Women and Wine, there is nothing in Life
 That can bribe honest Souls to endure it :
 When the Heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with
 Care,

Dear Women and Wine only cure it.

Dear Women, &c,

Come on, then, my Boys, we'll have Women and
 Wine,

And wisely to Purpose employ them :

He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,

Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them :

As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine.

Whilst Vigour, &c.

Our Wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear
 Jack.

To heighten our amorous Fires ;

Our Girls young and sound, shall kiss with a Smack,

And gratify all our Desires ;

The Bottles we'll crack, and the Girls we'll Smack,

And gratify, &c.

SONG 209. *What care I, &c.*

WHat care I for Affairs of State ?
 Or who is rich, or who is great ?
 How far abroad the ambitious roam,
 To bring our Gold or Silver home ?
 What is't to me if *France* or *Spain*,
 Consent to Peace, or War maintain.

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
 And wish all well at *Gibraltar* :
 But mind the Cardinal no more,
 Than any other scarlet Whore :
 Grant me, ye Powers, but Health and Rest,
 And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh ! let me keep,
 My Liberty, and feed my Sheep,
 A shady walk well lin'd with Trees,
 A Garden with a Range of Bees ;
 An Orchard which good Apples bears,
 Where Spring a long green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are severe,
 Good Barley lands to make good Beer ;
 With Entertainment for a Friend,
 To spend in Peace my latter End :
 In Honesty and home spun grey,
 And let the Evening crown the Day:

SONG 210. *The Card invites,*

THE Card invites in. Crowds we fly,
 To join the jovial Rout, full Cry ;
 What Joy from Cares and Plagues all Day,
 To hie to the midnight *Hark-away*.

Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
 Nor drowsy *Husbands* enter there,
 The brisk, the bold, the young and gay,
 And roar to the jolly *Hark-away*.

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
 And drowsy Watchmen idly knock :

Till Day light peeps we sport and play,
All hie to the Midnight *Hark-away*.

When tir'd with Sport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with Sleep;
To morrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the midnight *Hark-away*.

SONG 211. *How happy is the, &c.*

HOW happy is the Maid!
Who lives a rural Life;
By no false Views betray'd,
To know domestick Strife;
No Passion sways her Mind,
Or Wishes to be great;
To humble Hopes confin'd,
She shuns the flatt'ring Bait.

Her Soul with cold Disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride,
Beholds the rich and vain,
In gilded Fetters tied.
While Titles, Wealth and Pow'r,
The gaudy Scene display;
And Pageants of an Hour,
In Darknes glide away:

But if some gentle Boy,
Her faithful Bosom share,
He doubles all her Joy,
And lessens all her Care.
Their Moments on the Wing,
The mutual bliss improve;
And give perpetual Spring.
To Virtue, Truth, and Love.

SONG 212. *Musick has power, &c.*

Musick has power to melt the Soul,
By beauty Nature's sway'd,
Each can the Universe controul,
Without the other's aid,

But how together both appear,
 And force united try!
 Music enchants the list'ning Ear,
 And Beauty charms the Eye.

What Cruelty these Pow'rs to join!
 These Tarnsports who can bear?
 Oh! let the Sound be less divine,
 Or look the Nymph less fair.

SONG 213. *Blest Age of Gold, &c.*

Blest Age of Gold, compleatly blest,
 That with Milk and Honey flow'd,
 Then the Earth a yet at rest,
 Bore unplow'd its plenteous Load:
 Fully blest, and all serene,
 Spring eternally begun;
 Vales of dusky Gloom unseen,
 All was light and chearful Sun,

Then little Loves did dancing go,
 Without a Quivir, Torch, or Bow,
 Round and thro' the Beds of Flowers,
 Round the limpid Springs and Bowers,
 Nymphs and Shepherds mix'd in Play
 Whispers soft, and Gestures gay,
 Whispers that fore-ran a Kiss,
 Receiv'd with Warmth, repay'd with Bliss.

SONG 214. *Mad Bess.*

From silent Shades and Elisian Groves,
 Where sad departed Spirits mourn their Loves;
 From chrystal Streams, and from that Country
 where
 Jove Crowns the Fields with Flowers all the Year,
 Poor senseless *Bess* cloath'd in her Rags and Folly,
 Is come to cure her love sick Melancholly.

Bright *Cynthia* kept her Revels late,
 While *Mad* the Fairy Queen did Dance,

And *Oberon* did sit in State,
 When *Mars* at *Venus* ran his Lance:
 In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear
 Entomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew,
 Each Day I'll Water it with a Tear,
 The fading Blossom to renew.
 For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are
 gone,
 Poor *Bess* for his Sake,
 A Garland will make,
 My Musick shall be a Groan.
 I'll lay me down and die within some hollow Tree,
 The Raven and Cat,
 The Owl and Bat,
 Shall warble forth my Elegy.
 Did you not see my Love as he past by you,
 His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you,
 They will scorch up your Hearts, Ladies beware ye
 Lest he should cast a Glance that may ensnare ye.
 Hark, hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl,
 His Boat will no longer Stay,
 The Furies lash their Whips and call,
 Come, come away, come, come away.
 Poor *Bess* will return to the Place whence she came,
 Since the World is so mad, she can hope for no
 cure;
 For Love's grown a Bubble, a Shadow, a Name,
 Which Fools do admire, and wise Men endure,
 Cold and Hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
 Drink Nectar still sing,
 Who is Content,
 Does all Sorrow prevent,
 And *Bess* in her Straw,
 Whilst free from the Law,
 In her Thoughts is as great, as great as a King.

SONG 215. On every Hill, &c.

ON every Hill, in every Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,

Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my Theme :
 The Hills, the Groves the Streams remain,
 But Damon & I I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung.
 Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the aery Steep they hung,
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But Damon still I seek in vain

Now thro' the rambling Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well known Shade,
 I weep, and kiss the bended Grass,
 Where Love and Damon fondly play'd.
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But Damon still I seek in vain.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Fountains please no more,
 Each Flower in Pity droops its Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore,
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

RECITATIVE.

Love, the greatest Bliss below,
 How to taste few Women know ;
 Fewer still the Way have hit,
 How a fickle Swain to quit.
 Simple Nymph, then learn of me,
 How to treat Inconstancy.

SONG 216 *Genius of England.*

Genius of England from thy pleasant Bow'r of
 Bliss,
 Arise and spread thy sacred Wings ;
 Guard, guard from Foes the *British* State.
 Thou, on whose Smiles does wait,
 Th' uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings.

Then follow, brave Boys, then follow, brave Boys,
to the Wars,

Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow follow,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,

The Laurel you know's the Prize,

The Laurel you know's the Prize :

Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,

The noblest Scars, looks finest in *Calia's* Eyes ?

Then shake off slothful Ease,

Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory, inspire your Hearts,

Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,

Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,

Is the noblest of all other Arts :

Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,

Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,

Is the noblest of all other Arts.

SONG 217. *When Lucinda's, &c.*

When *Lucinda's* blooming Beauty,
Did the eager Town surprize ;

Strepson foremost paid his Duty,

And there fix'd his wond'ring Eyes :

Like to Lillies mix'd with Roses,

Are the Tinctures of her Face ;

And her brighter Mind discloses

Charms we no where else can trace.

She alone the Life of Pleasure,

Makes the Ball, the Park, the Play ;

Scatt'ring round her radiant Treasure,

Gives her Slaves a Golden Day :

Yet whose thoughts are too aspiring,

Of her Magick Pow'r beware ;

Learn to live by strict admiring,

Love the Tortures with Despair.

SONG 218. *Connoisseurs ! have,*

Connoisseurs ! have ye heard—Blow, blow—

That's sung by *Tomy Lowe,*

and set by *Tomy Arne !*

O Lowe ! he sings so sweet,
 And Arne he plays so neat,
 They ravish all, and charm !

Say, Sirs. have ye also heard,
 The famous *Jonny Beard*,
 That smit the grandee fair ;
 He chants the Early Horn,
 Salutes the Welcome Morn,
 And Happy, happy Pair.

The merriest Rogue alive,
Tom Salway still doth thrive,
 In Humour, Joke, and Song,
 The stout *Moor of Moor Hall*,
 The Dragon's hide doth maul,
 And lays him all along.

N——l R——ts much doth shine,
 In Notes, so fierce and fine,
 'Tis doubtful how to fix ;
 Yet Artists all agree,
 Such Notes must suerly be
 Signs of the softer Sex.

Tho' last not least in Fame,
Kit Clive's all pleasing Name,
 When chang'd to *Jobson's Nell* :
 The vain Life of a Beau ;
 The Cuckow Song also,
 She Tunes delightful well,
 Sweet Sounds of *Israel*.

SONG 219. *Love and Harmony.*

HOW like Elyfium is the Grove,
 When chaste *Derinda* sings of Love ;
 It charms the troubled Soul to rest,
 And makes a Calm in ev'ry Breast,
 With various kinds of Harmony
 She strikes at once the Ear and Eye ;
 So soft her Voice, and she so Fair,
 Gives double sweetness to the Air.

The wretched Shepherd dumb with Pain,
 And Grief, too heavy to complain,
 When sweet *Dorinda* tunes her Voice,
 Forgets his Woe, and dreams of Joys.
 Oh lovely Charmer ! be so kind
 To ease sometimes a Wretch's Mind.
 His Grievs with gentle Sounds controul,
 And breathe a Balm into his Soul.

SONG 220. *Old Chiron, &c.*

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil,
 Achilles;
 I'll tell you young Gentleman, what the Fates Will
 You my Boy must go, [13:
 The Gods will have it so,
 To the Siege of Troy,
 Thence never to return to Grece again ;
 But, before those Walls to be slain,
 Let not your noble Courage be cast down.
 But all the while you lie before the Town,
 Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry,
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.

SONG 221. *Look where my, &c.*

Look where my dear *Florella* smiles,
Florella heav'nly Charmer ;
 See how with all their Arts and Wiles,
 The Loves and Graces arin her :
 A Blush sits glowing on her Cheeks,
 Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures ;
 There Love in smiling Language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy Treasures
 O fairest Maid ! I own thy Power,
 I Gaze, I Sigh, and Languish,
 Yet ever will thy Charms adore,
 And triumph in my Anguish.
 But ease, O Charmer ! ease my Care,
 And let my Torments move thee ;
 As thou art fairest of the Fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

SONG 222. *Now Phœbus; &c.*

NOW *Phœbus* sinketh in the West,
 Welcome, Song and Welcome Jest,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipfy, Dance and Jollity ;
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'ulous Head,
 Strict Age and sow'r Severity,
 With their grave Saws in Slumber lie,
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine,
 Dropping Odours, &c.

SONG 223. *Lillibullero.*

THE Modes of the Court so common are
 grown,
 That a true Friend can hardly be met ;
 Friendship for In'trest is but a Loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true you find
 Some Friends so kind,
 Who will give you good Counsel themselves, to
 defend ;
 In sorrowful Ditty,
 They promise they pity,
 But shift you for Money, from friend to Friend.

SONG 224. *Stella, Darling of, &c.*

S*tella*, Darling of the Muses,
 Fairer than the blooming Spring,
 Sweetest Theme the Poet chuses
 When of thee he strives to sing ;
 While my Soul with Wonder traces,
 All thy Charms of Face and Mind.
 All the Beauties, all the Graces
 Of thy Sex in thee I find.

Love and Joy and Admiration,
 In my Breast alternate rise,
 Words no more can paint my Passion,
 Than the Pencil can thy Eyes.

Lavish Nature, thee adorning,
 O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath spread,
 Colours, that out shine the Morning,
 Smiling with Celestial Red.

Could the Gods, in Blest Condition,
 Ought on Earth with Envy view,
 Lovely *Stella*, their Ambition
 Would be to resemble you.

SONG 225. *Happy Hours, &c.*

Happy Hours all Hours excelling,
 When retir'd from Crowds and Noise ;
 Happy is that silent Dwelling,
 Fill'd with self possessing Joys :
 Happy's that contented Creature,
 Who with fewest Things is pleas'd
 And consults the Voice of Nature,
 When of roving Fancy's eas'd.
 Every Passion wisely moving,
 Just as Reason turns the Scale,
 Ev'ry State of Life improving,
 That no anxious Thought prevail ;
 Happy Man who thus, possesses,
 Life with some Companion dear,
 Joy imparted still encreases,
 Grievs when told soon disappear.

SONG 226 *See see, my, &c.*

Three Nymphs contended for my Heart,
 With different Charms and Grace ;
 The first sold Puddings Pies and Tarts,
 The second Pins and Lace ;
 The third employ'd her self to cry
 The News three Times a Week,

Then ev'ry Night 'twas her Delight,
To cry Hot bak'd Ox Cheek.

Look, Gods rom your celestial Bowers,
And guide me to the best,
And may my Faculties and Powers,
Of Heart and Mind be blest,
Whilst thus I c'y'd. the Gods reply'd,
Thy Fate endure thou must,
The Nymph we've chosen for thy Bride,
Sits Cinders from the Dust.

SONG 227. *Ye Swains who, &c.*

YE Swains who possess the rich Treasure,
Which Youth and gay Liberty bring,
On lay it out wisely on Pleasure.

And make the best Use of the Spring.
Did you know with how tender a Passion,
Fond Lovers their Moments improve,
You'd think Life not worth the Possession,
Except it were season'd with Love ;
Except it were, &c.

Your own simple Conduct reproving,
Most mournfully sighing you'd say,
What Hours have I lost without loving.
What an Age have I squander'd away ?
The Heroes immortal in Story,
By this their Divinity prove :
Wou'd you rise to be mighty in Glory,
Like them ye must seek it in Love ;
Like them, &c.

SONG 228. *The sweet rosy, &c.*

THe sweet rosy Morning
Peeps over the Hills,
With Bleushes adorning
The Madows and Fields ;
While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,
Come, come, come away,
Awake from your Slumber,
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus
 Of Hounds in full Cry.
 Then follow, follow, follow
 The musical Chase,
 Where Pleasure, and vigorous
 Health you embrace,

The Day's Sport when over,
 Makes Blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.
 Then let us, let us now enjoy
 All we can while we may,
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown the Day.

SONG 229 *The Worm.*

HOW much egregious *Moore* are we
 Deciv'd by Snews and Forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human Kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
 Vile Reptile, weak, and vain;
 A while he crawls upon the Earth,
 Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
 E'er since our Grandame's Evil;
 She first convers'd with her own Kind,
 That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-Worms name;
 The Bockhead is a Slow-Worm;
 The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter Flies,
 That flutter for a Day;
 First from a Worm they take their Rise,
 Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows ;
 Some Worms suit all Conditions ;
 Misers are Muck Worm ; Silk-Worms Beaus,
 Death Watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
 By all their winding Play ;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah ! *Moore*, thy Skill were well employ'd,
 And greater Gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies,

O learned Friend of *Abchurch lane*,
 Who set'st our Entrails free !
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain.
 Since Worms shall eat e'en thee !

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short Years, no more !
 Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Which Maggots were before.

SONG 230. *By a cool Fountain,*

BY a cool Fountain's verdant Side,
 The bright *Celinda* lay ;
 Her Looks increas'd the Summer's Pride,
 Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roses blush'd with deeper red,
 To see their Charms outdone ;
 The Lillies sunk beneath their Bed,
 To see such Rivals shown.

Quick thro' the Air, to his retreat,
 A Bee industrious flew ;
 Prepar'd to taste every sweet,
 And sip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her Breath,
 Her rosy Lips he found ;

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Where he in Transport met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, blest Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine;
Each God would quit his blissful State,
To share a Joy like thine.

SONG 231. *The Grand Chorus.*

God save our noble King,
Long live great GEORGE our King.
God save the King.

Send him Victorious,
Happy and Glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his Enemies,
And make them fall.

Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their knavish Tricks,
In Thee our Hopes we fix,
O save us all,

Thy choicest Gifts in Store,
On GEORGE vouchsafe to poor,
Long may he Reign.

May he defend our Laws,
And ever give us cause,
To say with Heart and Voice,
God save the King.



F I N I S.

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